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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 36035

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1955.

Price 30 Cents

**COMMENT OF  
THE DAY**

**Name Cleared**

THERE is cause for satisfaction that the good name of Hongkong has been cleared in the matter of locally-manufactured felt hats, a large proportion of which the British Felt Hats Manufacturers Federation convinced itself were of Japanese origin and were being re-exported under the guise of Hongkong products.

Hongkong knew all along that investigation would prove the unjustification of the allegations levelled against one of our up-and-coming industries. But we still have reason to resent on disclosure made by Mr. McNulty to the China Mail London correspondent. It is that the British Federation was given false information about the numbers and productive capacity of the colony's hat factories, and that on this misinformation the British manufacturers based their accusations of malpractice.

WE are confident that the Federation acted in good faith when it lodged its protest with the Board of Trade, and that it was not suspecting any misdeeds in making such categorical declarations as it being impossible for the Hongkong hat industry to manufacture as many hats as the export figures indicated.

Having said that, we are also entitled to express indignation that untrue reports about our industries can reach such important bodies as the British Felt Hat Manufacturers Federation and be accepted on their face value. It is this which breeds unnecessary suspicion and recrimination. The British manufacturers are probably entitled to feel aggrieved about Hongkong's growing competition in the colonial markets, but not to allow that resentment to be based on false allegations.

The hope is that not only the Felt Hats Federation, but all other British industrial interests who feel Hongkong competitors are operating under false colours, will send their representatives here to discover the true facts for themselves, for it would seem they are not prepared to accept as valid the statistics and other vital information which emanates officially from Hongkong.

# FORMOSA: SECURITY COUNCIL MEETING MONDAY

## Britain States Her Position

London, Jan. 28. The Daily Express political correspondent, Derek Marks writes: Britain has told America she will not go to war against Red China to defend Quemoy, Matsu or any other islands close to the Chinese mainland still held by Chiang Kai-shek's forces.

Britain has also made it clear her obligation to defend Formosa is no more than that of any other United Nations member. This also applies to the neighbouring Pescadores.

And it means there is no automatic commitment at this stage. Britain would only join a full-scale United Nations move.

This "declaration of intent" became clearer today as British and Empire diplomats began intense efforts to relieve tension between the United States and Red China.

The situation has become increasingly grave since the Red Chinese stepped up attacks on the islands off the mainland.

The big fear is a clash may occur between the islands near the mainland and American units evacuating Nationalists.

A Foreign Office spokesman tonight gave this formal definition of Britain's policy: "Our objective is a simple one—without allocating blame to either side for the past or prejudging their legal claims for the future, to put an end to the fighting as soon as possible."

London Express Service

## RUSSIANS TO RELEASE POWS

Hof, Bavaria, Jan. 28. Former German Field Marshal Ferdinand Schöner, who returned to West Germany today after being freed by the Soviet Union, said he had been authorised to announce that all German prisoners-of-war would soon be released by Russia. Schöner said he had been authorised to make the announcement by Colonel V. Kusnezov, head of the Prisoners-of-War Department in the Soviet Union.—France-Press.

## Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

P. 5: Joanna's Box and the 24 Reluctant Bishops: Michael Gannon tells one of the world's strangest tales: Gilca.

P. 6: Jean Foucheur Creteau continues his underwater adventures. This week he takes you among the pearl divers and baracudas.

P. 7: Secrets of International Crime: more stories from the files of Interpol, by A. J. Forester.

P. 8: Are there no gentlemen any more? Robert Glenton interviews four famous hostesses for their answer: Jane Russell attends the world's first under water film premiere; The strange case of Krishna Menon; Douglas Clark discusses the man who may become India's next Foreign Minister: William Hickey.

P. 13: Sifton Delmer goes to Spain and reports on what happens when bulldozers meet manana; Arthur Horner and Lady Dooker become dinner guests of David Lewin, who tells you what happens and the conversation trend.

## Jimmy Swaine To Get New Eye Test

Jimmy Swaine—the 19-year-old lad who hitch-hiked all the way to England hoping to join the Royal Navy there, only to be turned down because of slight colour-blindness—may have his eyesight rectified by the Hongkong Naval Authorities when he lands here.

Swaine after being passed as medically fit in Hongkong when he was tested for the RNRV decided that he wanted to join the Royal Navy. He worked his way to England where he was rejected, and is now returning to the Colony in the hope of becoming a policeman.

The Naval Medical Authorities, however, are interested in the conflicting medical opinions in Hongkong and Liverpool, and they believe that the change of climate might be the reason for this difference.

Swaine was tested here nine months before his arrival in England, and it is thought that this long period may be another reason for his change of sight.

Mrs Bessie Braddock, Labour MP for Liverpool took up Swaine's case in the House of Commons earlier this month when a Government Minister promised to make a full enquiry into the two medical examinations.

## Invitation To Communist China

### NATIONALISTS WILL OPPOSE MOVE

New York, Jan. 28.

Eleven nations represented on the United Nations Security Council will meet here on Monday in a bid to end the fighting in the Far East, it was announced today.

Britain earlier today asked Russia to support efforts for a ceasefire and to urge Communist China to accept an invitation to the Council's talks, while restraining from any action "which might lead to general hostilities."

Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand, this month's President of the Security Council, called the meeting of the Security Council on behalf of his country. United Nations procedure made it necessary for him to address the letter asking for a meeting to himself.

The Security Council, which has the primary responsibility for maintaining world peace, consists of Britain, the United States, Russia, France, and Nationalist China as permanent members, and New Zealand, Belgium, Brazil, Turkey, Iran and Peru as non-permanent members. The Council is considered certain to ask Communist China to join the talks to end the critical Formosa situation.

Britain and the United States support the invitation, which will be proposed by New Zealand.

Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's permanent delegate, said in a statement that his government warmly welcomed New Zealand's initiative and would support it in the hope that peace would come to the area.

"The hostilities which have been taking place in the area of the main islands off the coast of the mainland, have created a potentially dangerous situation," he said. Britain's approach to Russia was made in Moscow by Sir William Hayer, the British Ambassador, who called on Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister.

#### DIRECT APPROACH

He told him that Britain today made a direct approach to the Chinese Communist Government in Peking, but hoped the Soviet Government "will feel able to urge restraint on the Chinese and above all the importance of avoiding any incident which might lead to general hostilities."

The Ambassador, quoted by a British Embassy spokesman,

also asked Russia to co-operate in ceasefire talks in the Security Council and to urge the Chinese Government "very strongly" to accept any invitation.

Mr Molotov's reply was that the Soviet Government was ready to support any move to reduce international tension.

But both the Ambassador and Sir Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, had omitted to mention "the real reasons for the tension in the Far East," he said.

One of these reasons was the growing interference of the United States in Chinese internal affairs. It would help to ease tension "if the United States stopped their aggressive activities in the Formosa region," Mr Molotov said.

The radio added: "Mr Molotov drew the attention of the British envoy to the fact that if Britain had not supported the United States in their aggressive activities in this region, the United States would not have decided to engage in these activities." —Reuter.

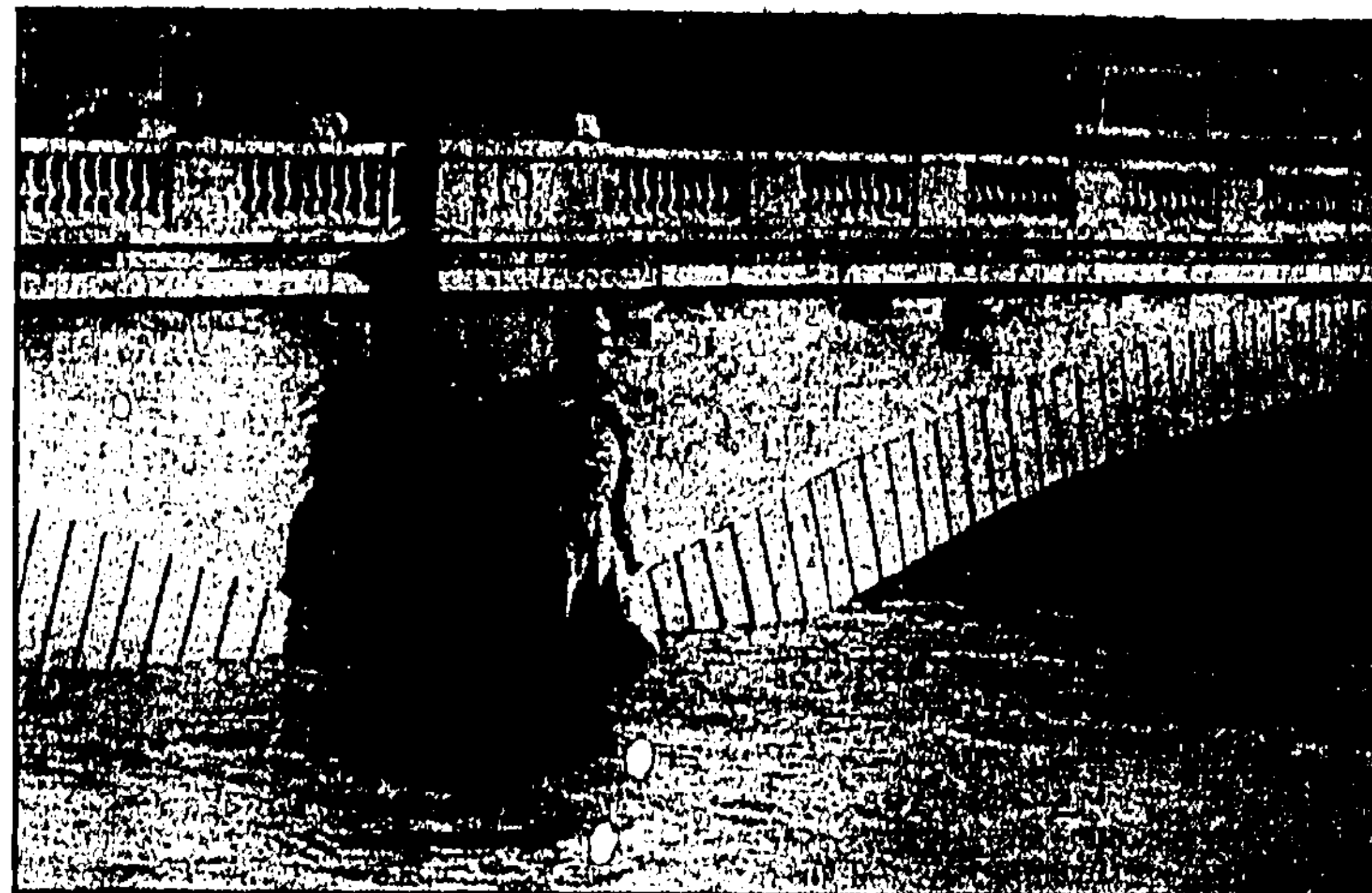
#### TO VOTE AGAINST

New York, Jan. 28. A spokesman for the Chinese Nationalist delegation, said today they would oppose in the Security Council both an invitation to Peking and a ceasefire. But he would not say whether Dr T. T. Tsiang, the Nationalist delegate, would prepare to use the veto.

The spokesman said "a ceasefire would mean we virtually give up our people on the mainland." —Reuter.

## SECURITY COUNCIL

### The Seine In Flood



## Eisenhower Resolution Keenly Criticised

Washington, Jan. 28.

Senator Herbert Lehman (Democrat, New York) opening today's Senate debate on a resolution authorising Presidential action on Formosa, backed an amendment confining the President's authority to protection of Formosa and the Pescadores alone.

He told the Senate there was no justification for United States defence of Nationalist-held islands close to the mainland shore such as Quemoy and Matsu, which he said, was clearly implied in the resolution before the session.

Senator Lehman said the Government's interpretation of President Eisenhower's Formosa message to Congress—that "it would not enlarge America's defensive obligations beyond Formosa and the Pescadores—did not conform with interpretations current in the United States."

It might be the purpose of the broad language of the resolution to keep the Communists guessing. But he did not see how Congress could be asked to join in such a tactic "at the expense of keeping the American people and our allies abroad

guessing as to our purpose—whether for peace or for war."

Decision to defend Quemoy and Matsu and, in pursuit of that, to bomb the mainland of China, would mean retaliation and all-out war, with Communist China, he said.

"If this should be the consequence," he said, "I fear that this war would be fought without substantial help from our friends and allies in the free world."

Senator Lehman also gave notice that he would oppose any use of United States air and naval forces to assist General Chiang Kai-shek in deploying his forces in the Formosa Straits.

The Senator objected to what he called the "blank cheque" authority for the President under the resolution.

Criticising the Eisenhower Administration's "persistent demands for haste," he said he wanted to hear from official sources some explanation of the "extraordinary contradictions" between what was contained in the resolution, what was being apparently told to allies abroad about its meaning, and what was being told to journalists in the United States.—Reuter.

## SUNSHINE FOLLOWS FLOODS

Paris, Jan. 28.

The City of Paris, wracked with crippling floods less than a week ago, today bathed in brilliant sunshine and broke an 80-year-old record with a mid-winter temperature of 58 degrees Fahrenheit.

Weather experts in the City of Light looked up at the blue sky, sniffed at the unfamiliar soft wind and announced that there was "nothing exceptional" about it at all, since on January 1, 1883, Paris hit a record 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Seine, which went on a rampage recently, was dropping rapidly toward its normal height, and Parisians were pumping the last remnants of water out of their cellars.

But the weatherman warned those who doffed their coats to stroll along the quays and boulevards today to keep them at hand. Prediction for the next few days: "More humid, with some rainfall."—France-Press.

Picture above shows how seriously the Seine flooded.—Photo by France-Press.

## Fishing Holiday For Dulles

Washington, Jan. 28.

Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, leaves Washington tomorrow for a week's fishing holiday in the Bahamas, the State Department announced today.—Reuter.

## STOP PRESS

## AMENDMENT DEFEATED

Washington, Jan. 28.

President Eisenhower's Formosa battle plan passed its first Senate test tonight when an amendment to exclude Nationalist-held off-shore islands from the US defence area was decisively defeated.

The roll call vote was 83 to 3.—United Press.

Have a GOOD RUN for your money!



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PARFUMEURS PARIS

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EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.  
"WHITE CHRISTMAS"  
Complete Effects of PERSPECTA Stereophonic Sound

## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

At 2.30, 5.00, 7.15 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 p.m.  
(PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL TIMES)  
4 SHOWS DAILY

*"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF SHEEP" - "LOVE, YOU DON'T DO RIGHT"*

**The Season's Best**  
**IRVING BERLIN'S**  
**White Christmas**  
**VISTAVISION**  
BING CROSBY • DANNY KAYE  
ROSEMARY CLOONEY • VERA ELLEN  
Color by TECHNICOLOR  
DEAN JAGGER • IRVING BERLIN • MICHAEL CURTIZ  
"I WAS BACK IN THE ARMY" - "WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GENERAL?" - "THE OLD MAN"

## PRINCESS TO-MORROW

Double-feature DISNEY-RKO Programme  
"SNOW WHITE and the 7 DWARFS"  
and "NATURE'S HALF ACRE"  
In Technicolor — At Reduced Prices

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TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
(EXTRA PERFORMANCE ON SUNDAY AT 12.30 P.M.)

**Most Unusual Show**  
**ever to crowd the huge**  
**CINEMASCOPE**  
screen — Eye-popping in **COLOR!**  
**SEVEN BRIDES**  
FOR SEVEN BROTHERS  
JANE POWELL  
HOWARD KEEL  
LOVE • MAKING SONGS  
WITH PERSPECTA STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!

## ROXY & BROADWAY

NOW SHOWING • 8TH DAY!  
ROXY: At 2.30, 5.10, 7.25 & 9.40 p.m. | BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.  
SEE MARILYN MONROE AT HER BEST!



IRVING BERLIN'S  
**THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS**  
Starring: Ethel MERMAN • Donald O'CONNOR  
Marilyn MONROE • Dan DAILEY  
Johnnie RAY • Mitzi GAYNOR

**TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW**  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon | BROADWAY: At 12.30 P.M.  
On Our CINEMASCOPE Magic Mirror Screens!  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS M-G-M presents  
PROGRAMME TOM & JERRY  
Presented by 20th Century-Fox  
Reduced Admission  
ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

# FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

Capitol and Liberty: Showing—"Seven Brides For Seven Brothers." A musical. Howard Keel and Jane Powell.

Coming—"Tennessee Champ." Prize fighting and its exploiters. Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn, Dewey Martin.

Empire: Showing—"White Christmas." A musical, also the first picture in VistaVision. Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera-Allen, Rosemary Clooney.

Coming—"Hawatha." North American tribal warfare in pre-Columbus days. Vincent Edwards, Yvette Dugay.

King's and Princess: Showing—"White Christmas." See above.

Coming—"Johnny Dark." Car racing. Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Tony Taylor.

Hoover: Showing—"Sitting Bull." A western. Burt Lancaster, J. Carroll Nash, Mary Murphy.

Coming—"This Is My Love." A romantic drama. Linda Darnell, Rick Jason, Dan Duryea, Faith Domergue.

New York and Great World: Showing—"Loves of the Youngsters." A Chinese picture in Mandarin dialogue.

Coming—"Malaga." Smuggling and murder in Tangier. Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.

Queen's and Alhambra: Showing—"Drum Beat." A western. Alan Ladd.

Coming—"The Violent Men." A western with some extra drama. Glenn Ford, Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck.

Coming—"Three For A Show." A musical adapted from a Maugham story. Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon, Marge and Gower Champion.

Roxy and Broadway: Showing—"There's No Business Like Show Business." A musical. Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor.

Coming—"Theodora, Slave Empress." Alleged incidents in the life of Justinian's Empress. Glenna Maria Canale, George Marchal.

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Linda Darnell, who plays her elder sister, Faith Domergue, while portraying a girl who isn't all dewey-eyed innocence, is at least direct—Linda Darnell in a hypocrite.

Into this happy little cauldron hops Rick Jason, and the plot begins to simmer. Before it boils over you will be able to watch these characters torment each other with all the malleability of everyday life.

**BYZANTINE ERA**

Theodora, the slave girl who rose to be Empress of Byzantium, was thought interesting enough by Van Loon for him to have included her in his collected "Lives."

It's some time ago since I read of this "crowned courtesan" as he calls her, but my recollection is that he saw her as a remarkably intelligent woman and quite just for those dog-eat-dog days.

She has a very turbulent time in "Theodora, Slave Empress," apparently sharing Jezebel's passion for chariot racing and intrigue, but finding time, unlike Jezebel, to be a champion of the people.

Theodora is played by a very lovely Italian girl, Glenna Maria Canale. Her rival is an equally attractive Greek actress, Irene Pappas, and Justinian himself is George Marchal from France.

I rather like the director's reason for choosing this subject for his two million dollar yearling. It's the greatest of all the historical spectacles since the notes that the Byzantine era has not to far been tickled by the great mark.

**EVERYBODY GRIM**

The girl who changed her name to the character she played in "The Calm Before" is paired with Glenn Ford in "The Violent Men." This time, however, May Wynne isn't so lucky. Instead of getting her fair share of attention and leaving him for a more interesting partner.

Everybody is grim in "The Violent Men" — none of them have much to be happy about anyway. In spite of his wealth Edward G. Robinson is a cripple and despised by his wife, who is having an affair with his brother.

She is in turn is merely being used by the brother who has just killed his first wife. The daughter, for whom Glenn Ford falls after May Wynne has walked out on him, doesn't feel there's any future for them and Glenn Ford, with almost everyone against him, is the unhappiest of the lot!

It has taken this Howard Hughes discovery quite some time to reach stardom in such of the grooming she's been given. They've changed her quite a lot in the process and there's not much left of the gloomy girl of her first picture "Venetia."

She has an interesting role in "This Is My Love" as does

Longford was asked to appear, but declined because he didn't want to do an actor out of a job.

Eventually Miss Rush's toes were trodden on to everyone's satisfaction, and there was a general exodus to the castle grounds to watch a scene shot against the background of Sugarloaf Mountain. Rock Hudson and an accomplice appeared in two jackets, beaver hats and masks. A green-tinted technician explained that the scene was to be their getaway after robbing a coach.

A voice called: "Quiet! Roll it!" Hudson pulled down his mask, examined the jewels in his hand, found they were fakes, and hurried them aside, uttering a curse acceptable to family audiences. The two robbers ran behind a tree, leaped on to horses, and galloped off.

A moment later they surprised us by emerging again from behind the tree. The patient technician explained that the galloping horsemen were doubles; that the studio disliked to see such a hand-

some investment as Mr. Beefcake on such an uncertain animal as a horse.

However, as the camera had picked up Hudson's coat behind the tree, thus suggesting he was in two places at once, the scene had to be reshot. Again Hudson and his co-robber examined the jewels, cursed, ran, and hid behind the tree. Again the director was dissatisfied—this time with Hudson's technique in pulling mask from nose. Not until the seventh time of shooting was everyone happy.

**GOOD GOING**

We began to understand why sixteen days' shooting at Powerscourt was going to yield only twenty-five minutes' screen time, and why two and a half minutes in the can at the end of a twelve-hour day was considered good going.

"It's a wonderful business, films," our taxi driver told us on the way back. "Fella was tellin' me they fit that Hudson lad with a brand new set of tweeds, then rub them with sandpaper to make them look old. Can you imagine, now?"

## Colony's New Theatre

With a minimum of publicity, the New York Theatre opened its doors to the Hongkong public last Sunday. There would probably have been a much larger blaze had the opening date been more certain.

Postponed several times, it wasn't until Saturday morning that the licence was received, and the rush to take advantage of the Chinese New Year holiday business resulted in several minor details being overlooked.

Literally within walking distance of each other, there are now four first run cinemas at Causeway Bay and one can't help wondering if they'll all pay. There are strong rumours of one of them changing its status shortly, but this will still leave three very close together.

British, American and Chinese pictures will get a showing at the new cinema and there's a reasonable hope that the first will be allowed longer running time than the latter two days mid-week that they've almost invariably had in the past. The picture to which we can look forward are "HOBSON'S CHOICE" starring Charles Laughton and John Mills; Richard Burton representing the wartime RAF pilot, Douglas Bader, in "REACH FOR THE SKY"; Laurence Olivier's production of "RICHARD III" in which he also takes part and the warring "THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM."

## A Kind Of Irish Western

If a flying saucer landed at Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, the villagers wouldn't even look up from their stout. When you've seen the Dublin bus make way for King Arthur and his knights, and the Battle of Agincourt has been fought in the fields next to your farm, then a web-footed Martian becomes just one of those things.

The 54,000-acre demesne of Powerscourt Castle, close by Enniskerry, covers some of the finest scenery in Europe. Henry V. Knights of the Round Table, and many other films were made here.

We flew over to watch a Hollywood company shooting scenes for Captain Lightfoot, a blood-and-thunder story of highwaymen and British dragoons, set in the 1820s.

The first thing we saw outside the castle was a gentleman in wig and knee breeches, smoking a large cigar, the first thing we saw inside was Rock Hudson—otherwise "Mr. Beefcake"—an improbably handsome six-foot-three, who plays the title role and described the film to us as "a kind of Irish Western, only it's the British, not the redskins who play the 'heavies'."

We watched him play a ballroom scene with co-star Barbara Rush. They danced a few steps, then Miss Rush yelped, pouted prettily: "You trod on my foot, sir," Hudson denied it. Miss Rush insisted, "I tell you, you trod on it. I tell you, you trod on it."

**FROM DEBRET**

While they sorted this out, we had a look at the cast list, and found it not unlike a page from Debrett. The Hon. Grania Wingfield, daughter of Lady Powerscourt, has a small part; Lord and Lady Mount Charles, who loaned Slane Castle to the film unit, appear as nobility in a carriage robbed by highwaymen; Hudson; shots of Beau Paro Castle include a portrait of Lady Lambert and son Sir Oliver; in period costume, Sir Oliver obligingly drove a tractor for the unit; while the Earl of

Spanish and North African and has more fights to the celluloid foot than have been seen in quite some time.

There's the same conflict between husband and wife in "This Is My Love" as in "The Violent Men." The couple this time is Dan Duryea and the wife with the roving eye Faith Domergue.

**RACE IS GOOD**

If you can believe in Piper Laurie as a car designer then you'll be able to take "Johnny Dark" in your stride. I had it rather hard to credit her with anything much, she seems afraid or incapable of positive action of any sort. Her acting is unconvincing, her looks insipid and her personality lukewarm.

It may be that her studio thought she would make a good foil for the aggressive Tony Curtis but I feel that both he and his rival, Dan Taylor, deserve something better.

It's a likeable film, however, and the road race from the Canadian border to Mexico, which forms the body of the film, is most exciting.

Tony Curtis is a little idealistic about the prosaic subject of sports car designing, but when he descends to actual driving he appears very much in character.

It's an uncomplicated characterisation not calling for much more than good looks and dash, both of which he wears like a second skin.

Ike Chase and Paul Kelly in secondary roles are their usual competent selves and the race itself glued me to the edge of my seat.

Interesting sidelights on the race are the police organisation for keeping the roads clear for a 1,600-mile race and the newspaper and radio coverage from a helicopter.

From a TV angle the course offered a good opportunity for shots of some lovely scenery, the State of Nevada looking particularly attractive.

**THOSE EYELASHES!**

Smugglers beware! You may think you can outwit the police, but just wait until a curvaceous lady secret agent looking like Maureen O'Hara is put on your trail.

With one, or at any rate, not more than three sweeps of her beautiful eyelashes, she'll have guessed your hiding places, made deductions about your source of supply, won over your accomplices and ruined the market for whatever you're trying to sell.

And if you want a course in how to accomplish all this, pay a visit to the New York or the Great World next week and watch her at work in "MADAME."

As she gratuitously tells Macdonald Carey, she's been around—and in her travels has apparently learned from people who haven't yet been discovered by Scotland Yard or the FBI.

Her methods and results must have caused a few raised eyebrows in those august establishments.

The action takes place on the Mediterranean seaboard, both

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. | 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

### SHOWING TO-DAY

**CINEMASCOPE**  
WARNERCOLOR • STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND  
**They called him Injun Lover**  
ALAN LADD • "DRUM BEAT"

### ★ NEXT CHANGE ★

**CINEMASCOPE**  
THE **VIOLENT MEN**  
GLENN FORD • BARBARA STANWYCK  
DORIS DAY  
HOWARD KEEL  
COLUMBIA PICTURE

### TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA  
WB's Technicolor COLUMBIA's  
"CALAMITY JANE" VARIETY PROGRAM  
Doris Day  
Howard Keel  
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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World



A recent New York picture of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.—Reuterphoto.

## SPOTLIGHT ON THE WINDSORS

## The Servants Still Say 'Your Royal Highness'

New York.

Almost 36 years ago a golden-haired young man received a riotous welcome on his arrival in New York as the world's most popular prince on his first visit to the United States.

Today the Duke of Windsor walks in the same city streets in a more strident fashion.



As New York knew him

It is threaded with grey. Otherwise he looks much the same as

that youthful Prince of Wales, whose shy grin, democratic ways and high spirits made him a public favourite.

Today people rarely turn to stare as he walks past.

The Duchess of Windsor frequently goes shopping, but on her most unregal shopping list there have been some surprising items. One day recently she walked into the houseware section of a large Manhattan department store. She was looking for an ironing board to take back to France.

## Rented To Visitors

The most romantic couple of the century live now like private citizens. They arrived in New York last month and moved back to the 28th floor suite in the Waldorf Towers which they occupy each year when they return.

Their personal paintings were hung on the wall, and a few pieces of their own furniture were placed among the hotel furnishings. In between their annual visits the suite is rented to visitors, often including such royal tenants as the King and Queen of Greece.

The former king, and the American-born woman for whom he gave up his throne 18 years ago, regarded this trip to the United States as a holiday. The Duchess, an American, has many friends in New York and likes to come back each year to see them.

## Prefer Small Parties

Their arrival is marked by a flurry of parties. But while admittedly they are social assets to any hostesses, the Duke and the Duchess are far from "party-setters" in Manhattan's winter social season. They prefer small parties with people they know. Certain royal courtiers are carefully observed, however, even by hostesses giving small parties. They tell the Duchess ahead of time who will be among the guests and what is planned for the evening.

In the case of a reigning monarch the guest list would have to be submitted for official approval.

Other guests at the parties know they are to arrive on time, so the Duke and Duchess will be the last to arrive. Feminine guests rarely curtsy to the Duchess, although they often address her as "Your Royal Highness," a custom which the servants employed by the Windsors also observe.

## A Converted Mill

Their new home outside Paris, in a converted mill, is their favourite hobby now. "The first home the Duke and I have owned since we were married," the Duchess wrote in a recent magazine article about rebuilding and decorating the country residence. They also lease house in Paris.

"The Duke is a wonderful gardener—he really works at it," the Duchess has been telling friends proudly since she returned to New York.

She still maintains the chic appearance the youthful vitality and the animation which first attracted the Prince. Her clothes, most of them bought in France, are simple. She says she always prefers understatement.

Later this month they leave for Florida where the Duke will shoot ducks and resume his favourite sport—golf. He is an excellent golfer, though he admits that the spacious gardens of their new French country home are taking time away from his golf game.

In that home, at last, he has gathered his souvenirs from his former life as heir to the British throne. There are shelves filled with addresses of welcome given to him as Prince of Wales, turnings from Fort Belvedere, his home in England, and a coffee table made from a drum of the Welsh Guards.

"We are both terrific collectors by nature," the Duchess wrote recently.—United Press.

## Dust Disaster Threatens U.S. Wheatlands

Washington.

The disastrous dust storms that desolated America's wheat fields 20 years ago may strike again this winter and next spring, says a warning issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Soil Conservation Service says that conditions are even worse in some sections than they were in the parched 1930's—when swirling topsoil in the form of vast clouds billowing dust covered whole communities and forced thousands of families to migrate to other parts of America.

The Service believes that more soil is in "condition to blow" than in any year's end on record. Conditions are "half again" as serious as two years ago, when Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas were serious sufferers from choking dust storms.

Drought is becoming a serious menace in certain sections of the country where there have been no satisfactory rains for almost two years.

Nine hundred and forty-four counties in 18 states have been declared drought disaster areas where farmers are eligible for federal aid.

—(London Express Service.)

## THE VALUABLES GO DOWN INTO . . .

## America's New Underground A-Bomb-proof Warehouse

New York.

The trial use of an Atom bomb-proof warehouse deep in an old iron mine has proved so successful that the vault door will be thrown open in a few days to anyone in the nation who wants to preserve his belongings for posterity.

The Railway Express Agency, acting as shipper for Iron Mountain Storage Corporation, said it would begin delivering valuables to the cement-enclosed mine entrance as soon as rules and rental fees were revised. Up to now, the service has been available only to a few communities. The bomb-proof, weather-proof warehouse, described as the "safest place in the world," is in an 800-foot deep mine in the Berkshire Mountains near Hudson, New York, 120 miles North of New York City.

The mine's network of tunnels is shielded by a 100-foot thick blanket of radiation-repelling magnetic iron ore, a 28-ton vault door bigger than the one protecting the nation's gold hoard at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and a round-the-clock staff of armed guards.

## Duplicate Offices

Anything that will fit through the door can be stored in the warehouse. The door is eight feet in diameter.

The tunnels have been filled with concrete-lined, air-conditioned rooms. In them, among other things, are a duplicate headquarters for a large New York advertising agency and an entire wardrobe of a Washington,

D. C. woman who fears she might lose every stitch in an air raid. She visits her A-Bomb-proof boudoir periodically to replenish the moth ball supply. Also stored in the cavern is a complete art gallery owned by a famous collector and copies of all the formulae and patents of a large drug concern.

## Cost: \$1 Million

Small containers, the size of bank safety deposit boxes, have been rented for storage of records of family tree, great grandfather's civil war record, jewelry, and family heirlooms.

The vaults were constructed at a cost of about \$1,000,000 by Herman Knust, who made a fortune by growing mushrooms. He bought the mine, for a vast underground mushroom bed. But in 1951, he changed his mind and decided to turn the cavern into a warehouse to protect important records against the atomic radiation in the event of an attack on New York.

So far, most of the customers have been East coast businesses, banks and industries, which have stored microfilms of their vital records and many of their original documents.

Mr. Ernest Inwood, Director of business planning for Railway Express, said a number of Europeans who lost everything in World War II, have put documents in storage in the mountain.

"The Government has several vaults marked U.S. Restricted," Mr. Inwood said. "We haven't the slightest idea what's in them."—United Press.

## A NEW WAY TO TRAP POISONERS

Harwell.

Chemists at Harwell, Britain's atom research station, have perfected a technique to trap the most elusive of all murderers—the poisoner. They can trace minute particles of poison in a human body by a system known as "activation analysis."

One chemist, Mr. E. N. Jenkins, said that it was now possible to detect a 10-millionth part of a gramme of arsenic in the human body.

"We could trace the presence of arsenic in an inch-long human hair—and our findings would be absolutely accurate and reliable."

Mr. Jenkins said he was certain that the Harwell findings would be acceptable as evidence in a court of law, and added: "We shall be happy to co-operate with the police whenever they need us."

—(London Express Service.)

## OUR Handwriting Has Never Been WORSE!

Newport, Rhode Island.

Are the services of an Egyptologist needed to read your letter?

If so, you're not alone. Calligrapher John Howard Benson, leader of a handwriting reform movement, said handwriting has dropped to its lowest ebb in history.

"Our handwriting has been degenerating for hundreds of years," the bearded expert said. "We are victims of a complication of different theories."

"Bluntly, our handwriting is awful."

But Mr. Benson said it isn't too late to reform. He is a strong advocate of the renaissance Chancery Cursive style of writing—a handsome Italian style currently sweeping English schools.

## Secret In The Pen

And he has translated a 16th century Italian primer, the "Opera" by Ludovico Degli Arrighi, exemplifying the Chancery Cursive.

The book was published in a limited edition last year. Now it is being published as a text book.

"It was the first handwriting primer and it is still the best," Mr. Benson said.

The secret of this fine Italian hand is in the pen. You must use an edged pen that will write thick and thin lines without having to change pressure on it. "Pens in common use today have either a stub or sharp point," Mr. Benson said. "They have destroyed the art of handwriting."

## A Few Hours

He said a person who wanted to learn Chancery Cursive could become a legible writer in six hours, and a reformed writer in a few months.

However, he holds out little hope for the majority of scribbles.

"General illiteracy are obliterating handwriting," he said. "He added, waving an edged pen, 'and now the ball point pen. It is hopeless for good writing.'—United Press.

## In Search Of 400-Year Old Relics Under The Sea

Binghamton, New York.

The owner of a New York state aviation corporation will go underwater next April in search of relics from one of the ships in which Christopher Columbus sailed to America. Edwin A. Link, Chairman of the Link Aviation Corp., will set sail from Miami, Florida, to search under water off the coast of Haiti for the remains of Columbus's ship, the Santa Maria.

The vessel is believed buried under four and a half centuries of coral growth, but Mr. Link said he hoped, with the aid of his "magic wand," a device he perfected himself, to retrieve some of the relics. Mr. Link said he and Mrs. Link, both expert divers, would make the trip early in April. The expedition will be undertaken in collaboration with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Link's ship, known as the "Sea Divers," will be outfitted with \$100,000 worth of electronic equipment to be used in diving operations.

He said a close study of Columbus's sailings showed he had reached "Leonardo Reef," where the search will be concentrated. He said he believed research had pinpointed the vessel's wreckage a few miles off that spot.

It will be Mr. Link's first expedition of this kind, although he has other relics, including Spanish "cannon" and parts of ships "taken" from the ocean floor.—United Press.

## Out Of The Window

Chicago.

A hangover gave Woodrow Bazzell, 30, a broken ankle. Bazzell appeared in court on a charge of being drunk and suddenly fell ill.

He rushed to the window, but leaped too far out and fell two stories.—United Press.

## A Budgerigar With Some Tales To Tell

Durban.

If Tiji, a little yellow budgerigar from a pet-shop in Durban, is now living in the boudoir of some Buenos Aires senorita, he has a story to remember of a kind Dutch captain, his near-death in the fierce Atlantic and a bewildered swoop over a strange South American town.

This is Tiji's story: A few weeks ago, Captain E. M. Drukker, master of the Dutch ship, Tilpanas, saw Tiji in a Durban pet-shop and decided to buy him.

Fearing that Tiji might enter the idea of escape into the wide, unfriendly world, he had his wings partly clipped.

Midway between Cape Town and Buenos Aires, Tiji, enjoying a spell out of his cage, was caught by the breeze and swept away from the ship.

He vanished vainly to catch up but vanished from sight.

Sadly Captain Drukker gave him up as lost.

Shortly afterwards, the ship's engine broke down and the Tilpanas drifted

slowly on the sea while engineers repaired the fault.

An hour and a half later, when the ship was still drifting without power, a yellow speck appeared astern, and after a few minutes a wind-blown and bedraggled Tiji settled on the ship's railing.

When the engine had been repaired, the ship got under way again.

However, Captain Drukker was not destined to keep his pet.

When the ship reached Buenos Aires, Tiji escaped and was not seen again.—United Press.

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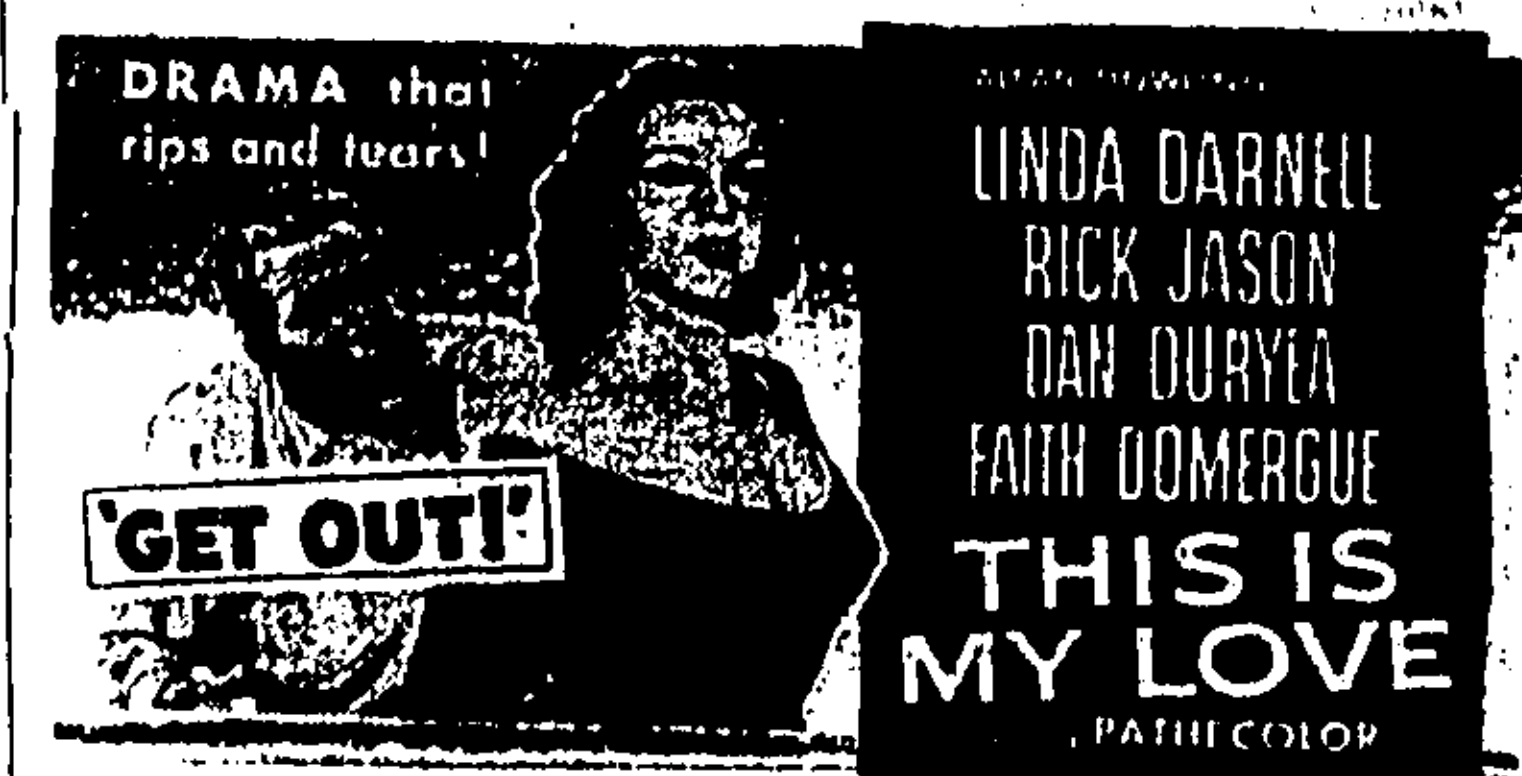
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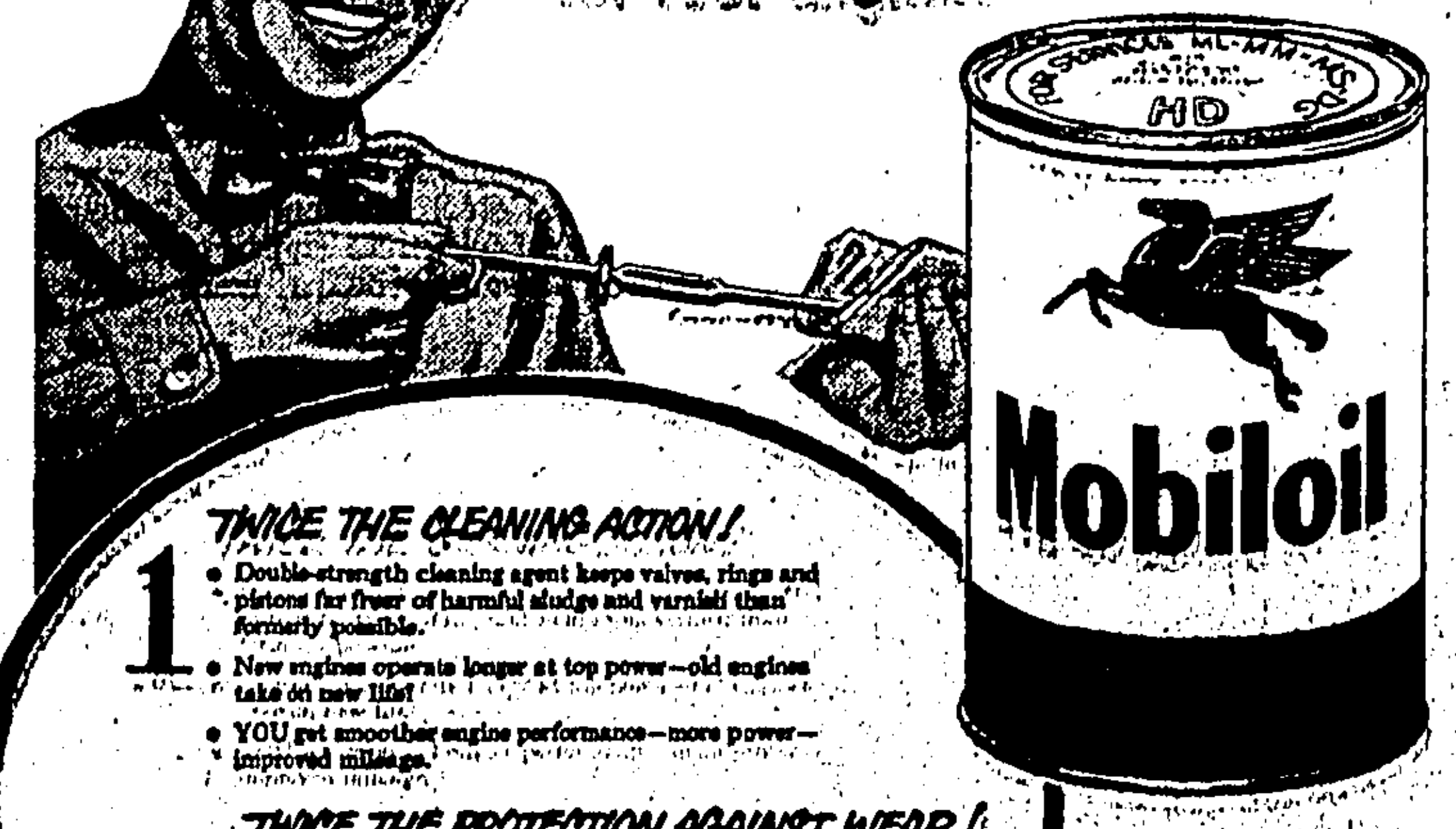


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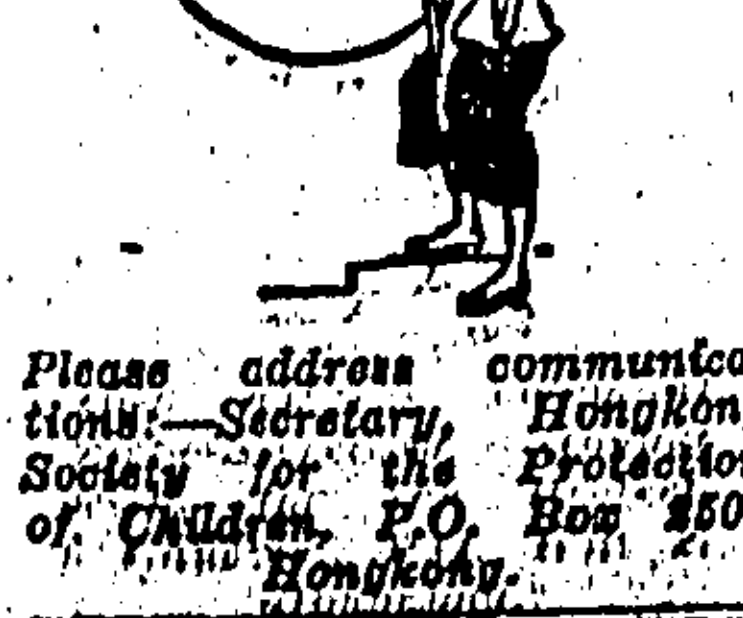
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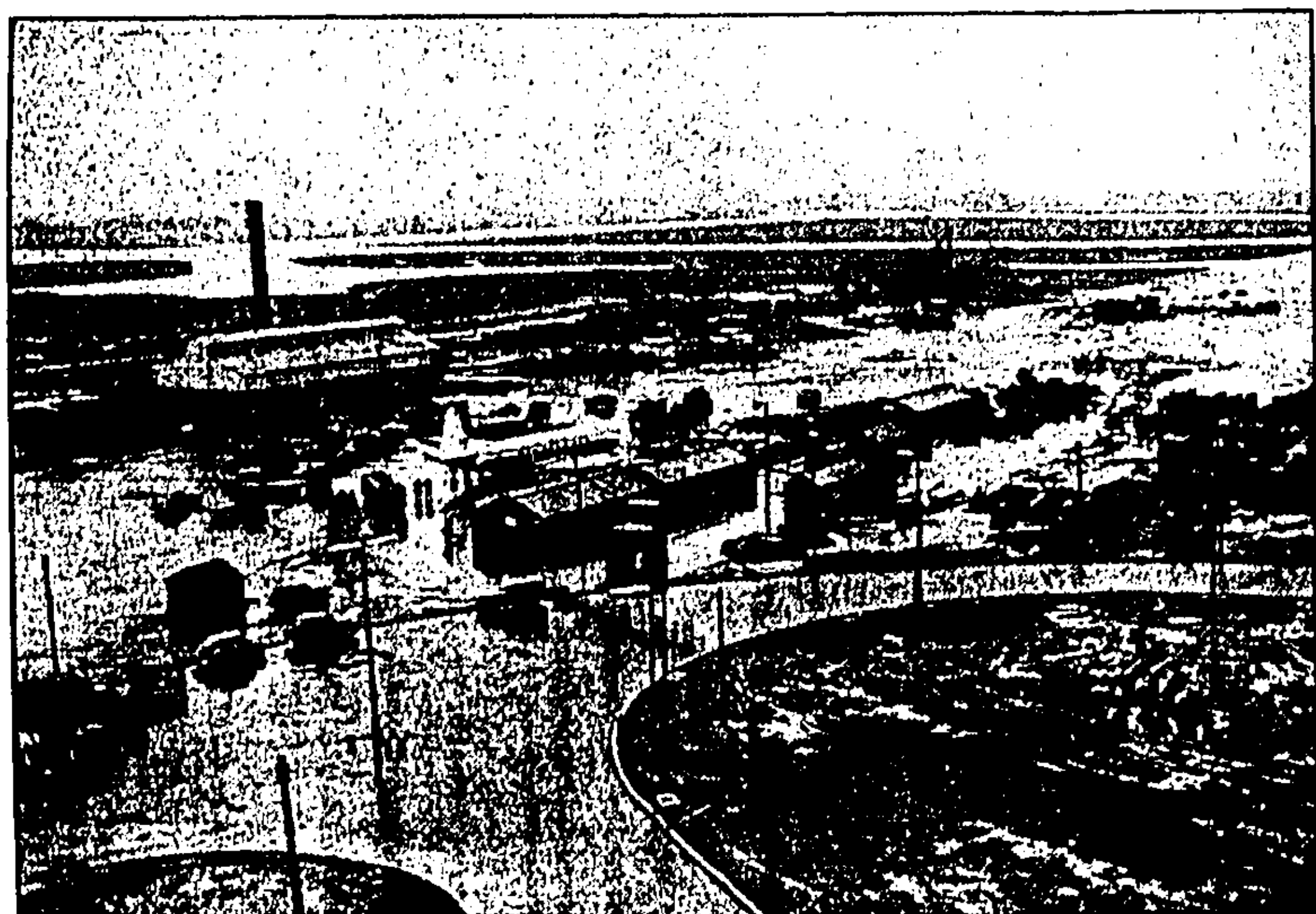
# • HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



**TEEN-AGED** British film actress Janette Scott is one of five stars who are going to Uruguay on an all-expenses-paid holiday of 15 days and to attend a film festival there. Picture shows her with Dr. Jose Antonio Quadros, Uruguayan ambassador in London, and Senora Quadros, at a send-off party at the Uruguayan Embassy. (Express)



**LEFT:** Lizzie, six-year-old llama at Tom Arnold's Circus, now at Harringay, London, sprang a surprise on her owners the other day by becoming a mother. Here is the baby llama, which will be called Stormy Weather. (Express)



**IN** rain and thick fog at London Airport, an Istanbul-bound Viscount airliner of British European Airways mistook a turning and went tearing down the wrong runway to take off. It came to a stop after tearing steel barriers and demolishing a hut, and after losing two engines and having fuel tanks ripped open. This was the scene after the wild ride. Only two persons aboard were injured. (Express)



**LONDON** police stopping a torchlight procession of 400 Cypriots in Whitehall. The procession moved on under escort, singing "Enosis" (Greek for union, meaning union with Greece). A delegation left a note at the Foreign Office protesting at the action of British troops who fired on rioters in Cyprus recently. (Express)



A clock repairer had to be called when a heavy blizzard stopped Big Ben on the night of January 14. Snow driven against the east face, which overlooks the Thames, had jammed the 2 cwt hands. The last time snow stopped Big Ben was on Boxing Day, 1928. (Express)



**DURING** her recent stay in Tonga, 27-year-old Noelle Sandwith requested permission to paint Queen Salote. The Queen agreed. Here is Miss Sandwith back at her home in London with a sketch of the Queen and a photograph to help her with the painting. (Express)



**LEFT:** Brigadier H. C. W. Eking, Commandant of the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, inspecting the Royal West Kents at Maldstone Barracks when he was the inspecting officer at their passing-out parade.

**THE** India League in London gave a large reception in honour of the new High Commissioner, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, at Carlton Hall. Mrs. B. Mansell, a barrister, is received by Mrs. Pandit (left) with the traditional Indian greeting. (Express)



A helicopter lands by a cross marked in a snow-covered field to take a mother-to-be to hospital 25 miles away. This was one of a series of mercy missions carried out in Scotland's two northernmost counties, which were cut off by blizzards, by Royal Navy hoverplanes. (Express)



**AMERICAN** actress Joan Shawlee, in England to make television films, had this to say: "All the Englishmen I met needed haircuts. It looks like they're trying for parts in an Alec Guinness movie." Here she is challenging the London cold. (Express)



## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**DAIRY  
BOX**  
MILK  
CHOCOLATE





My whole-hearted sympathy to the Master of Foxhounds who complained of a "Pirate" pack poaching on his hunting grounds. If you let one "Pirate" pack get away with it you'll get another, and another.

London Express Service

## ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

# JOANNA'S BOX

...and the 24 reluctant bishops

By Michael Gannon

A SIGNIFICANT change has come about in the tactics of the Panacea Society of Bedford. Ten years or so ago its advertisements in the morning papers were calculated to take the taste out of the episcopal breakfast martini and the layman's tea.

"England's Troubles and Perplexities will increase until the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's Box of Sealed Writings," "London is Doomed unless the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's Box," they proclaimed in type too large to be ignored.

Such announcements in the Press usually forecast trouble and perplexity in diocesan offices. What to do with the latest communication from Bedford? For the society insisted in lengthy and dramatic correspondence with individual bishops, demanding that 24 of them should get together and lift the lid.

### TART REPLIES

Most of the bishops eventually solved the problem by ignoring it, or sending tart replies. The result has been that the society has abandoned the direct approach. Its advertising, less expansive and frequent, now confines itself to magazines, now invites attention to "The Call for Deliverance from Satanic Evil and Angelic Error." No mention of The Box. But the box is still firmly in mind; it crops up in the literature that goes out to those curious enough to write for it and the society is convinced that by this means public opinion will, sooner or later, become conditioned to demand action from the recalcitrant episcopate.

It is difficult to treat Southcottism objectively. For my part, I am astonished that its followers, who seem to be good and gentle people, can accept its ugly perversion of Christian teaching; its predestined division of mankind between immortals and damned. The history of the movement is perhaps, one of the strangest stories of social behaviour.

Joanna Southcott's picture, in the National Portrait Gallery, shows her to have been a pleasant-faced, buxom countrywoman. It does not suggest the fanatical religious reformer.

She was a farmer's daughter, born at Giffordham, Devon, in 1749, who became a domestic servant to a family in Exeter. From being a spirited and cheerful person she turned, in middle age, to melancholy, and believing herself divinely inspired began the first scribbling of her rambling, allegorical and to many incomprehensible prophecies.

As a main theme she foretold the second coming of the Lord and warned all to prepare for it. On the side, she forecast (reasonably safely) flooding and other minor calamities. Even her sister thought her rather mad.

Joanna bombarded the bishops and clergy with her written prophecies and commanded them to pronounce on the authenticity of her mission. They remained unresponsive and so her close adherents arranged "trials" of her writings.

The first of these, at Exeter in 1801, was followed by a second at Needham House, Bermondsey, in 1804. Two years after Joanna arrived to reside in Paddington.

At Bermondsey, 40 persons (more, it seemed, that mattered) examined the life, character and writings of Joanna and solemnly pronounced that she was inspired. Bermondsey was the centre of Southcottian activity in London. A chapel was built near Newington House and Joanna lived for a while at the corner of Jamaica Road and Abbey Street.

### PATHETIC

At this time she was busily "sealing the faithful." Those who were to be saved at the millennium were provided, for a varying fee, with a certificate signed and sealed by Joanna. This business proceeded prosperously until it was discovered that Mary Bateman, who was hanged for murder at York in 1809, was among those certified.

Nevertheless, Joanna continued to attract followers, and bishops complained that their sheep were being led astray. It is reckoned that she had about 14,000 adherents. The fat Prince Regent, who was game for anything, visited Joanna, and, it is said, afterwards contributed to her cause.

As early as 1802 Joanna had designated herself "the Bride of the Lamb." Eleven years later, when she was 64, she announced that she was about to give birth to Shiloh, the new Messiah. Clearly she was identifying herself with the Woman of the Book of Revelation.

This proclamation of the imminence of a second immaculate conception divided London in the year before Waterloo. Joanna's followers moved her for the lying-in to a house in Manchester Street, Marylebone. To satisfy the incredulous public they sought medical proof that she was indeed with child, and to Dr Richard Reece, a distinguished medical man of the time, Joanna put the blunt question, "Would you suppose I was in the family way?"

### £200 CRADLE

Reece—to his eventual regret—and five other doctors supposed that she was. Three others declared her alleged pregnancy to be so much tommyrot. But the press silenced the contrary by confidently announcing the date of the birth—October 19, 1814, and ordering a cradle for the Prince of Peace, at a cost of £200, from Seddons of Aldersgate.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was summoned through the now familiar technique of newspaper advertisements, to provide a suite at Lambeth Palace for the accommodation. When his Grace declined the faithful demanded that Joanna should be taken under the protection of

the Lord Chancellor "in view of the scientific interest in the case." Poor Doctor Reece was imprudent enough to support this move—which came to nothing in a letter to The Times.

Joanna remained at Manchester Street. She had taken to her bed in March, with symptoms unconnected with childbearing. On October 19, crowds gathered outside the house and dispersed roilingly when no announcement of the birth was forthcoming.

A month later Joanna told Reece that she was dying. She "was utterly dejected and expressed doubts whether her mission had not been a delusion." She died of "brain fever" on December 27 and as the London Press produced special editions the crowds about house yelled their mockery.

The Southcottians were dismayed, but only momentarily. With magnificent aplomb they pointed out that the child of the Woman of the Book of Revelation had been snatched up to heaven at the moment of its birth to escape Satan's clutches. They declared that Joanna "to all appearances had died," but that they expected the return of her soul to the body and to this her soul endeavoured to maintain its warmth with hot-water bottles. But decay set in and on the fourth day Dr Reece performed an autopsy which showed no evidence of pregnancy.

Nevertheless, Southcottians today believe that Joanna gave birth to the new Messiah who was snatched up to heaven and is yet to come to rule the world.

Farmer's daughter and fanatic, Joanna Southcott at one time had 14,000 adherents.



They set great store by this interpretation of her prophecy but it is the unpublished "sealed writings" of Joanna that they hold in greatest regard.

These are the contents of the box which she directed should be opened by 24 bishops in time of national peril. They are, say the Southcottians, the testament of God as revealed to Joanna—his panacea for the ills of the British. His chosen people, the means of salvation for immortal man.

### PROSPEROUS

It all seems rather blasphemous, and yet there is a pathetic sincerity about the present-day Southcottians, even though they maintain a wholly unreasonable air of secrecy about Joanna's box.

The Panacea Society has spent thousands of pounds on the Press, advertising its demands that the bishops should open the box, and yet will not say where it is located today. The inquirer is politely told that it is in the custody of a member of the movement, but the society will not name the custodian. A photograph purporting to be of the box adorns some of its literature, however.

In 1927, that remarkable man of psychical research, Harry Price, produced a box which he

declared to be Joanna's and persuaded one bishop only—Dr Hine of Grantham—to be present at its opening in Church House, Westminster. It proved to contain nothing more helpful than a pair of horse pistols, a late 18th-century novel, and a few trinkets.

The Panacea Society thereupon denied that Mr Price's was the real box and insisted on its demand that the full set of 24 bishops should assemble to open the one in its custody. But, as mentioned before, the society has now altered its methods. It no longer appeals directly to the episcopate. It is spending less on propaganda, it is my belief that it has less to spend and that Southcottism is dying.

Joanna's Bermondsey chapel became a leather warehouse and is now demolished. Her name is scarcely remembered in this centre of her activity 150 years ago. The Panacea Society, which pays rates on 23 properties (including its printing house) in Bedford, makes practically no impact on that town and, one supposes, very little impression outside of it. But for newspaper articles I think the nation in spite of the society's efforts would long ago have ceased to care about Joanna Southcott.

## THE PRINCE TO SELL HIS WHITE ELEPHANT

From SAM WHITE

Paris. In a three-room mews flat—and there is nothing "smart" about a Parisian mews flat—I found Prince Felix Youssouf. He is 68 now; as a young officer in Tsarist Russia he took part in the plot that disposed of that sinister monk, Rasputin.

Prince Youssouf has twice been involved in lawsuits. And twice he has won handsomely. The first time was in 1934. A British court awarded his wife £225,000 damages against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for libels in the film, Rasputin, The Mad Monk.

The second occasion was recently in Paris. A court ruled that the Chateau de Kerollet in Brittany, which the Prince's great-grandmother, Countess de Chateaufort, had left to the nation, should revert to the Youssouf family because the conditions of the will had not been carried out.

The chateau and its many treasures are valued at £400,000. I visited the Prince to find out how he had fared between these two legal actions and what plans he had for the future. His life is chilly and damp, with one romance, and that

with self-enforced electricity cuts.

The hessian-covered walls display a few yellowing, unframed family snapshots, two battered banjos—relics of the Prince's gay youth as a Tsarist officer; a small, tinted-framed photo of the Tsar and the Tsarina stands in a corner.

The furniture is old and nondescript and the mats on the sitting-room floor are threadbare. Into this setting strides the Prince, marvellously erect, handsome, dressed like an English country gentleman, with his cheeks rosy as though he had just come from an early morning gallop.

We talk first about his newly won chateau. He explains that it appears to be something of a white elephant. First, the French Government may appeal against the verdict, thereby prolonging litigation which has already lasted six years. Then, even if it finally becomes his, there will be heavy death-duties to pay and an accumulation of legal fees.

What he aims to do, he tells me, is to sell the chateau to a French charitable institution and to live with his 50-year-old wife in the caretaker's lodge. The Youssoufs have one child—a daughter married to a sleeping clerk in Athens.

"It will be good to have a home of our own again," he explains. "But not the chateau—we have lost our taste for chateaux."

What happened to the £225,000 his wife won in 1934? That, he explains, was invested in a trust and the capital cannot be touched. They receive an annual income from it now of under £1,000 a year. Both the Prince and his wife have become deeply religious with the years. They have become converts to faith-healing, their major interest in life is to find patients for a faith healer.

They see few people, and only go out occasionally to a small Russian restaurant. They are deeply touched by the interest the Duke of Windsor displays in them when he is in Paris.

Recently the Duchess of Windsor wrote inviting them to lunch at their country home near Paris. "What genius, what tenacity," said the Prince, speaking of the Duchess. "It is wrong to judge people," he added. "Lelia, Protosky, Staline—they all had their role to play. They were all puppets of destiny."

"Even Rasputin?" I asked. "Even he," he replied. "Even the Unpredictable."

# GREAT SALE

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The barracuda is rightly called the Tiger of the Sea.

## Hidden Mysteries Of The Undersea Jungle

By JEAN FOUCHER CRETEAU

**D**IAMONDS may be a girl's best friend. But the pearl—now, there is really something to stir the imagination. Everything about it is romantic.

Its origin in the shell of an oyster on the bed of the sea; the way it is brought to the surface by native divers who risk their lives for a mere pittance; the bargaining in crowded Oriental bazaars as it changes hands again and again; and, finally, the new lease of life, the new lustre it assumes as it nestles proudly on the bosom of some fair and fortunate lady.

Even the native divers of the Red Sea, to whom the pearl is

only the means of a meagre and precarious livelihood, have wrapped it in a cloak of romance.

They say it is born in the skies and cradled in the depths of the ocean. They believe that each year, during the monsoon rains, the oysters yawn and thus catch a drop of rain; that it is this drop which becomes the pearl and the bigger the drop the better it is.

### KING OF THE ISLES

A foolish fable, perhaps, but a beautiful one. And maybe belief in it, helps a little towards making tolerable the miserable existence of the wretched divers.

Certainly I realised one of the greatest ambitions of my life when I went to the Red Sea recently and joined the natives in their work, plunging with

them to depths of 120 feet and more, sharing the many dangers that beset them. I believe it was the first time anyone had filmed and photographed them on the ocean floor.

Come with me, then and share this adventure.

In our asthmatic little motor boat, the Lucia, we leave Masawa behind and head for glittering, sun-scorched Nocr, the Island of Pearls. The sea is as still as a pond, broken here and there by menacing coral reefs. Everywhere else—the ocean and the sky is of the deepest, richest blue. But close to the reefs there are patches of pastel green.

Squinting at the top of our mast is a native look-out. He shouts constantly, pointing out the navigational dangers to the helmsman.

After a few hours of sailing through this watery world, which is pure Walt Disney,

pure fantasia, our craft is moored in the bay of Nocr, beneath the fine white house of Silvio Nasl, a man every bit as colourful as his surroundings.

To the natives, Silvio is known as King of Dohlak—King of the Isles of Pearls.

An Italian by origin, he has sailed the world and taken part in almost every conceivable kind of adventure. But now, close on 60 years of age, this sailor of fortune seems to have settled down in his island paradise—breeding, making a great deal of money, and apparently spending it as quickly as it comes.

Handsome, swashbuckling, Silvio once paid a visit to Paris. It was typical that he should turn up at Le Bal des Petits Lits Blancs, the charity ball of the year, and there, win the first prize in a big lottery—a vast and luxurious motor-car.

For some time afterwards he could be seen gliding round the city in it like the little king he is, proudly escorting many of the capital's loveliest women.

In fact, it might be said that Silvio's fortunes come and go, but Silvio himself goes on for ever.

### HOURLIS

We had hoped, of course, that he would join us on our expedition. He was unable to do so as he had arranged to go on a sardine-fishing trip, but he helped us in many ways.

No sooner had our anchor touched bottom than the Lucia was surrounded by dozens of hours highly manoeuvrable native canoes fashioned from the trunks of trees imported from India.

The best hours are made in the Hadramaut, on the Red Sea coast of Arabia, and we encountered them everywhere on our travels in those parts. The natives have them for getting quickly from one island to another and they are always used for pearl fishing.

With members of our crew acting as interpreters, the occupants of the hours quickly showed their friendliness. Obviously they were surprised and

intrigued by our plans, but they seemed most anxious for us to join them on an underwater expedition.

Off we went almost at once, out into the open sea again. And as we prepared our apparatus, amusement and ecstasies showed on the faces of the natives.

Arriving above the natural oyster bed, we noticed that the natives were preparing to work in pairs—one diver and one paddler to each hour.

Before diving began, the hours moved over the surface of the sea with the diver leaning overboard, his head hidden in an old five-gallon petrol tin from which both ends had been removed. With a piece of glass fastened over one end, which is held under the water, the reflection is minimised and it is possible to see far below.

### DOWN THEY GO

When pearl-oysters are sighted, the diver picks up a small basket made of hemp and a lump of rock which is fastened by a long cord to the boat. Then down he goes.

The rock enables him to descend quickly, surely, and with the minimum of energy. Each diver owns and prizes his own stone, which is chosen to suit his own weight, and is always hauled back to the surface as soon as he is at the bottom.

None of the divers wears any clothing except a scrap of a loin cloth and sometimes not that. His only diving apparatus consists of a horn clip, rather like a clothes peg, which he fixes over his nose.

On the sea bottom, each oyster is torn from its bed and placed in the basket. The divers, relying only on the remarkable capacity of their lungs, can remain submerged under heavy pressures for as long as three minutes, gathering 40 to 50 oysters on each dive.

My companion and I believed that we were in good shape for what had been diving day after day. But after an hour filming these fishers we were exhausted. Yet they seemed ready to go on all day.

## Miss Hobson, Can You Really Say Goodbye To All This?

By ANNE SHARPLEY

**W**HEN an actress at the peak of her career says: "Goodbye to all this," can she really mean it?

So strong is the aura of romance around the theatre, so irresistible the smell of greasepaint (we are told), so hypnotising the footlights, and, I suppose, so satisfactory the salary, that when an actress says she is giving it all up for marriage we just smile cannily and wait for her next appearance.

And it is surprising how seldom we are disappointed.

Now we have Miss Valerie Hobson (who after steady stardom for years broke into highly successful if wavering song a little over a year ago and became England's first star at Drury Lane for 14 years) saying she is giving up everything to become a "100 percent wife" to Mr John Profumo, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport.

And by "everything" she says she means not only the stage

and films, but TV, radio—the lot.

Can she do it?

I asked two women who took their domestic vows during the last year and have not been heard of in the theatrical sense, since. Dinah Sheridan and Florence Desmond.

"I'm sure she can," says Dinah Sheridan, who married Mr John Davis, boss of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation in March with the remark "a woman's place is in the home" (and evidently meant it).

### 24-hour job

"If she is like me she will never regret it," says Mrs Davis, now mistress of an old manor house in Kent, 235 acres and 60 cows.

"Never for one moment have I wanted to go back," says the ex-star, whose last film, "Genevieve," was her greatest success.

"And how right she is to go out on a success. Perhaps if Genevieve hadn't been such a hit I might have wanted to go on and make a real winner."

Miss Desmond who, in February last bundled all her versatility into being the wife of a Lloyd's insurance broker, Mr Charles Hughesden, said:

"I know just how she feels. Acting is such a 24-hour business that the husband of an actress can find himself wondering what it's all for, sitting at home having solitary meals and waiting for his wife to come home."

"It can't be done," says Mrs Val Parnell, who before she married the Palladium 17 years ago was a well-known dancer.

"She's cheating herself making such a terrible decision. I'll have a £5 bet with you she won't keep her word. She can't. Talent like hers and the lifetime of being on the stage, and in films is too strong, it's become an instinct."

"Why even I get terrible nostalgia and have to put my little pair of ballet shoes I always keep in the corner of my room. She'll have to fight that nostalgia and the knowledge that she could have been a top girl for years and years."

"The only reason I have been able to fight that feeling is because I'm still really part of show business—even if only from the wings."

### If you must...

Last authority I want to quote is Miss Hobson herself—over a year ago when Miss Dinah Sheridan's renunciation of the limelight was being discussed.

"Turn down your career only when you're forced to admit that you're not adaptable enough to do both jobs successfully. If you MUST choose, don't hesitate to plump for marriage and babies, but it will be a great pity if you have to."

If the passing of a year can make all that difference to Miss Hobson's point of view—let's wait and see what another year will do.

It to stay away, I begin to move carefully and slowly upwards. It follows me.

And then, from nowhere it seems, one of my companions flashes in view, attacking with his harpoon gun. But he does not fire. The barracuda is too quick for him and goes streaking off into the blue haze of the depths.

The pearl diver tugs hard on the cord about his waist and is hauled quickly to the surface. I follow him with all speed—very shaken and thankful for my escape.

Safely back aboard the Lucia I learn how my companions were warned of my plight by natives looking through their petrol-can "telescopes" who saw the barracuda approach me.

After hours of work the canoes are stacked with oysters. We move back towards the shore and the precious cargoes are tipped on to the beach.

In amazement we see the case with which the natives, squatting on the sand with their legs tucked under their haunches, open up the tightly clenched shells. And we are surprised, too, to see how many are thrown away.

On an average 1,500 to 2,000 Red Sea oysters have to be opened before one pearl is found.

### HEAD MAN

Coming down the beach towards us now is an Arab of magnificent bearing. He is the head man of the village, and he offers to show us round and explain the details of pearl dealing. He tells us that he himself trades in everything from paraffin to pearls, and we think to ourselves that business must be very good. He has that look about him.

He brings us back to earth by reminding us that the pearl begins, not as a drop of monsoon rain, but as a tiny parasite which enters the oyster's shell. Then through the 4th, 2 years (usually seven) the oyster tries to suffocate the parasite by covering it with layers of self-produced calcium carbonate, thus slowly building up the pearl.

After it is taken from its shell the pearl is washed with a native soap powder and then sorted and classified according to weight, size, colour and lustre.

Our trader friend spreads a green cloth on a table and produces a small pair of scales with weights made of agate, a pair of tweezers, magnifying glass and a small book of reference in English and Arabic to which he refers before each transaction.

### CASCADE

Next he unwraps from the traditional red cloth a packet as big as an egg. It contains pearls. He pours them in a glorious cascade on the green tablecloth. With obvious love, with a sort of veneration, he rolls them about with his fingers.

And so the pearls are ready to start on their long journeys to London, to Paris, to New York, to Rio—who knows where?

On the way through the bazaars of the Orient, through Aden or Djibouti they will pass from hand to hand. Each bid will be higher than the last. The value will soar.

But now, every time I see a pearl being worn by a beautiful woman I think only of its real price—the broken hearts and broken lives... of the divers to whom pearls mean no more than a meagre, precarious livelihood back there in the searing heat of the Red Sea.

To be continued next Saturday

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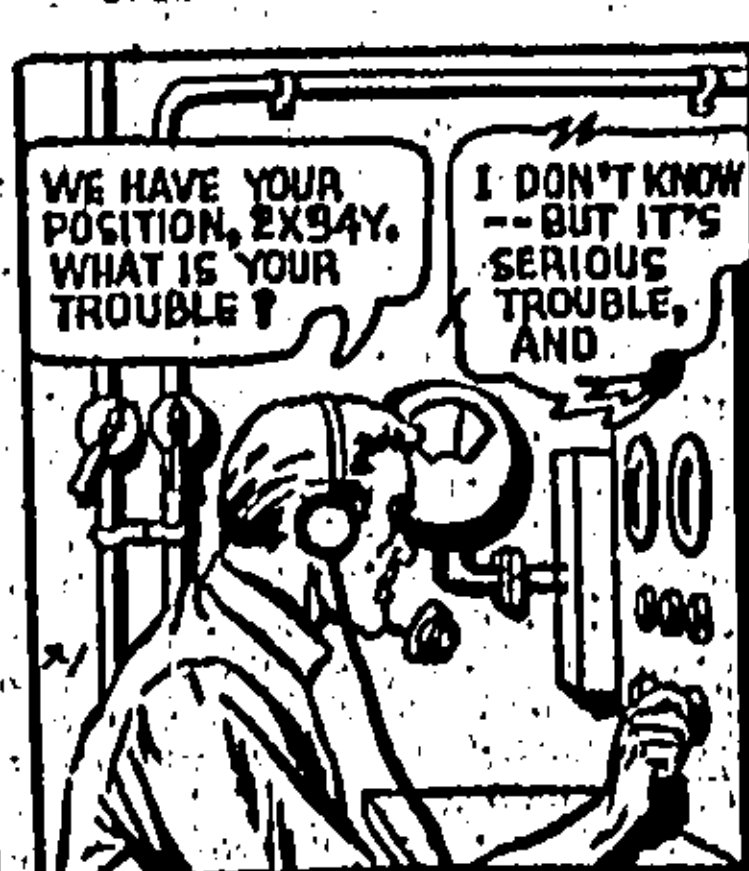
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### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN





# HE "KILLED" HIMSELF TWICE AND LIVED ON THE INSURANCE

By A. J. FORREST

THE best-laid schemes of crooked men can collapse very suddenly, thanks to Interpol. There was Herr X, for instance, who lived palatially in an East Swiss resort, not far from lovely Lake Constance.

As an elderly, practising lawyer, Herr X enjoyed the esteem alike of the civic authorities and his prosperous professional friends. Then one Monday morning, shortly before the war, he was unaccountably missing from his office, as was also a pretty girl secretary.

One of his clients, having stepped into an inheritance, was expecting his legacy in cash. So the question of the lawyer's whereabouts was of thumping big interest to him. The police, informed of the lawyer's sudden disappearance, took control of his office.

Official auditors examined the books. Then the reason for his absence was star-clear. The sum of 450,000 Swiss francs, nearly £40,000 worth of his clients' money, had vanished too.

Switzerland is not a country where crooks can easily hide. It is small, and police control is relatively easy.

Being without big cities or slums or seaports, there are few places, least of all mountain villages, where wanted criminals can lie up undetected.

So Herr X's portrait (spoken picture) was immediately transmitted by radio to Berlin, then Interpol's European centre.

Within forty-eight hours, Paris forwarded a message from Cherbourg. The harbour police reported that a man answering to Herr X's description had embarked on the liner Europa which was sailing for New York. The captain was contacted by radio, requested to identify Herr X and, if satisfied that he was the absconding East Swiss lawyer, to confront him with the grave charge of embezzlement.

## Luxury Cabin

The captain reported that the suspect was occupying a luxury cabin, sharing it with a young Swiss lady. But when he had spoken of embezzlement, Herr X had denied emphatically the imputation against his character. Further instructions were essential. For the captain, at this stage of the proceedings, had no authority to arrest or detain Herr X.

## SECRETS OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME

The FULL, authentic inside story of INTERPOL, the organisation which fights international crime all over the world, which has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the complete co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL

tions were essential. For the captain, at this stage of the proceedings, had no authority to arrest or detain Herr X.

Authority to make an arrest was immediately wired to him and, armed with the radio-telegram, the captain, accompanied by two senior officers, entered the wanted man's cabin.

Herr X, his brow clouded in anger, started back. One officer gripped his arms, forcing them tightly behind his back, while the captain pronounced the order of arrest. The girl burst into tears. So cruelly were her dreams of a luxury

paradise shattered. The lawyer's protests of "there must be some mistake" did not reassure her.

So, despite his avowals, Herr X was marched out of his cabin. His tall, finely proportioned girl friend sobbed and shivered in her grief and horror as he glanced back, seeing the last of these creature comforts he most coveted. He was sent to prison for seven years.

Everyone knows about Interpol today. But seven-teen years ago, Herr X and many other well-informed people like him never even suspected its existence.

A Roumanian citizen, with the fictitious name of Nicolas Nicolaidi, carved out a novel niche for himself in international crime. In Belgium he married a pretty Brussels girl, Henriette C... She became his wife... and his accomplice in a series of most impudent conspiracies.

Shortly afterwards they embarked for Canada, where Nicolaidi got a job as an electrician in Montreal. There, he took out an employers' liability insurance policy for \$50 dollars.

The couple both loved to have a good time. And since his

wages were insufficient for their pleasures, he soon succeeded in "blinding himself" as the result of an "accident" at work. Up popped Henriette, distracted by her husband's terrible affliction, to collect the insurance money on his behalf.

## Tactful Sympathy

Thus inspired, the pair felt they had the key to vast resources. Henriette sailed back to Belgium. Meanwhile Nicolaidi, his sight miraculously restored, prospected fresh ground in Youngstown (Ohio).

Getting employment in an ironworks, he took out a \$500-dollar life insurance policy, with his wife as sole beneficiary in the event of his death. Soon afterwards, it happened that his fellow lodger met with a fatal accident. Whether his death was truly accidental, or whether Nicolaidi made it appear so, was never determined.

Within a few days of this fatality, a police inspector called at Henriette's home in Brussels, telling her in tactful sympathy that her husband had been killed. Then, as a matter of official business, he asked her to identify a photograph he showed her of the corpse. She swore it was Nicolaidi's, breaking down and sobbing as she did so.

She received from the Youngstown Insurance Company, Nicolaidi's full death money. Soon her "dead" husband joined her, his face all smiles and fingers obviously itching to get hold of his reward as a counterfeit "corpse."

## Riotous Living

For a time they lived riotously. Then, with funds running out, Nicolaidi thought it expedient to kill and bury himself once more. This time he insured himself under another name, A Brussels company, having accepted his initial premium and satisfied themselves as to his medical report, now guarded his precious life to the tune of 50,000 Swiss francs. Then he went to Roumania.

Within a few weeks, as planned, Henriette received a letter, purporting to come from her deceased husband's mother. The letter enclosed his death certificate. In her widow's weeds she tripped off to the insurance company.

A little cautious, they did not give her the money immediately, but requested her first to forward a special form to her dead husband's mother, asking for certain particulars and a doctor's signature.

Back came the form very quickly, all details completed, and the essential signature attached. With it, in the "bereaved mother's" handwriting—the good woman had actually died some years earlier—was a request for an advance payment of 1,500 francs to meet her son's funeral expenses. The insurance company promptly forwarded this, and Henriette pocketed a fat cheque for the balance of 48,500 francs.

Meanwhile, in Roumania, Nicolaidi shrewdly described himself as an Adventist by religious conviction, well aware that followers of this faith are buried with a minimum of pomp and documentation. As schemed, he "died" after a bout of pneumonia but, as his "doctor" attested, from "natural causes."

Already his grave had been dug on the Adventists' rather neglected plot. A fresh burial having taken place there a day or two earlier, it proved easy to persuade the grave-diggers, then engaged, to prepare for another interment. Then two confederates, to whom Nicolaidi promised a share in his fortune, agreed to play the part of undertakers.

## Sandbag "Corpse"

Hiring a hackney drawn hearse, and driving it themselves, they collected his coffin, "body" and conveyed it with appropriate solemnity, to the burial ground.

Soon afterwards, with false papers and identity, Nicolaidi, accompanied by his two confederates, landed in Brussels, their minds set on every kind of material delight.

But crooks seldom enjoy or earn that most priceless gift of human life, true friendship. One of Nicolaidi's friends wanted a bigger split than the twice resurrector "corpse" was willing to give.

So, with Nicolaidi adamant, his friend wrote anonymously to the police. Inquiries began. And the entire series of insurance swindling impostures was disclosed.

The Roumanian police decided it was essential to see who was buried in place of this audacious swindler.

They dug up Nicolaidi's coffin, very heavily nailed down, for examination. On prizing open the lid they were relieved to find, not a corpse, but a heavy sandbag wrapped in old newspapers.

Next Week: Fig-Pips Clue Caught Brutal Killer

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## THE PRINCESS WILL FIND EXCITEMENT

Princess Margaret flies west into the sunshine on the last day of this month on February 1 she starts her Caribbean tour. Here EVELYN IRONS—takes a close-up preview of the official—and off-duty—programme for the Princess.

New York. MOST of Princess Margaret's time away from the crowded official functions of her tour of the West Indies next month will be spent in that expensive Royal yacht which has been assigned to transport her from island to island. But here and there she will be shown the sybaritic June-in-February life that most other tourists rave about.

One of the days she will enjoy most will be at Heron Bay. This is the coral limestone house which Mr Ronald Tree, wealthy ex-M.P., built for himself and his American second wife seven years ago on a private beach in Barbados—the sugar-growing island the size of the Isle of Wight which was originally settled by Englishmen and is called Little England.

## Taking it easy

At his home in New York Mr Tree told me: "The Princess will spend a day with us, lunching and swimming and taking it easy. Nobody will be there except the family."

Mr Tree's young son, Jeremy (one of Princess Margaret's closest friends), will be there. So will his other son, Michael, and his wife, Lady Anne; they will have two days in New York before leaving for Barbados with Mr and Mrs Ronald Tree to open the house for the season. Lady Anne's sister, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, is one of the Princess's two ladies-in-waiting during the tour, and their father, the Duke of Devonshire, is travelling to Barbados to be with them when Princess Margaret goes to Heron Bay.

## Fairy palace

Government House in Bridgetown, Barbados, where the Princess will be staying with the Governor, Brigadier Sir Robert Arundell, and his wife (who have a son at Cambridge), is nothing out of the run of official residences in the islands. But Heron Bay, built in the style of the great 18th century architect Palladio, is something from a fairytale, with classical dining-

room overlooking the jade and turquoise sea and tropical garden filled with orchid-covered trees.

Another high spot of the four weeks' tour will be the day when the Princess will spend an afternoon rafting down the Rio Grande in Jamaica. Even the way I did it—in a deluge of tropical rain—this five-mile adventure, careering down a broad, shallow river snaking through ravines of lushly wooded bluffs under the high Blue Mountains, is one of the thrills of a lifetime.

In a rough riverside hut you change into a bathing-suit. Then you embark on a long, narrow raft made of thick bamboo poles lashed together. In the stern is a seat for two. Your "captain," a lean Negro boy in shorts, has the run of the river-washed deck as he guides the frail craft over the dozens of rapids with his huge bamboo pole.

White herons sit lazily over the water. Naked boys and girls wade out from the shore, playing mouth-organs and begging for pennies. Where the stream runs quiet and deep you pull up and swim. At each foaming rapid you have the illusion that the raft will be dashed to pieces, but the "captain," who has a sense of theatre, keeps you on tenterhooks while he misses the rocks by millimetres.

## Summer, summer

When she steps from her aeroplane in Trinidad after her flight from wintry London, the Princess will receive the full impact of the islands where it is always summer—the heat (about 80 degrees), the riot of purple bougainvillea, the tiny jewelled humming birds sipping the scarlet or rose-coloured hibiscus flowers, the women in their flowered summer dresses and the men in their sparkling whites.

My bet on what will impress her most—the steel bands. You remember that "Jambouin" from Trinidad that was in London for the Festival of Britain? The strange pulsating rhythms of those brightly painted instruments made from discarded oil drums have an infinitely more vital impact here, in their own place.

The Princess will miss the carnival, when Trinidad goes crazy for two days before Ash Wednesday, with all Port of Spain in fantastic costume playing and singing and dancing

through the day and night. But when she arrives she will find a mad whirl of preparation for that wild festival, with 150 bands drumming at the top of their form.

Sandwiched among her schedule of children's rallies, addresses of welcome, hospital visits and the other duties of a royal tour is a miniature carnival specially laid on for her. She will like that.

## One more rally

From Trinidad the Princess makes a 35-minute flight to T-bugo called Robinson Crusoe Island. Lecuaee Defoe, who never left a footprint on its palm-fringed sands, stole the setting from a book he read about it. A pity her 6½-hour visit there seems to allow her so little to see the off-shore island which is the only place outside New Guinea where birds of paradise live in a wild state. Instead, she presides at a children's rally and a garden party.

At Grenada, spice-scented island where the main crop is nutmeg and the hills rising steeply from the Caribbean are covered with hibiscus, bougainvillea and scarlet-flowered royal poinciana trees, another garden party, another children's rally. The same on bare windswept Antigua—but here I am glad to see, they are taking the Princess to one of the most romantic spots in the West Indies—a crumbling, land-locked English Harbour, which was once Nelson's dockyard, and where his house and some of his naval workshops and offices still stand.

## Another side

The Governor of the Leeward Islands, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, is giving her a picnic lunch at Clarence House, his country residence, perched on the hill overlooking the harbour where the Duke of Clarence, later King William IV, lived for a time. With all the formal functions and picturesque excursions, it may not be easy for Princess Margaret to realise the seamy side of life in these idyllic islands, which Lloyd George called "the slums of the Empire." She may not be allowed to see the conditions in the poverty-line shanty-towns which are driving thousands of West Indians to wrest a living from chilly Britain.

But perhaps she will find on being taken round to the back door, too.

## This Machine Records Your Secret Thoughts

From CHAPMAN PINCHER

PARIA. A MACHINE which reveals what happens in our brains when we watch an exciting film has been built by French scientists.

They are using it to find out if the unnatural habit of watching TV and listening to radio has any unexpected effects on the brain.

The experiments are backed by French radio and TV authorities who believe they may yield new information leading to a better understanding of what programmes people enjoy most.

The machine is also being used to study the precise effects on the masculine mind of striptease pictures.

Today I volunteered to be the first "British guinea-pig" in their experiments at the famous Sainte Anne Hospital in Paris. While I sat in an armchair facing a cinema screen four girls tinkled me with the big recording machine.

A helmet with 10 electric contacts to pick up "brain-waves" was fixed to my head. Devices to measure my "emotional reaction" were attached to my hands.

## LIGHTS OUT

My left leg was linked with an electric pulse-beat recorder. A plastic tunnel was fixed in front of my nose to detect changes in my breathing rate. Then the lights went out and the strangest film I have ever seen flashed on to the screen. It was an "integrated mix-up" of shots showing war scenes, mountain climbing, girls' legs in fish-net stockings, boxing, Berlin riots, hungry children, and mild striptease.

It ended with a hilarious sequence showing J. Fred Muggs,

the American TV chimpanzee, filling in his income tax forms. Then my chair was swivelled round to face a TV-sized screen on which appeared pictures of strange patterns and girl models in artistic poses.

All the time women biologists watched my private thoughts being traced out by galvanic pens on a paper chart.

When analysed, this snoop inside my skull turned out to be a devastating disclosure of the primitive side of my personality.

The appearance of special "alpha" brain-waves showed that I was secretly disappointed when the climber did not fall.

## EMBARRASSING

I was frustrated when no blood was drawn in the boxing bout, and morbidly excited when men were wounded in the battle scenes.

Scenes of misery left me unmoved. Yet while I have always professed to be bored by strip-tease acts the "thought-machine" disclosed an embarrassingly strong response.

The moment the fish-net stockings were pulled down my eyes stopped blinking and my heart beat faster. When it abruptly ended there was an abundance of frustration waves and blinks.

I wanted to deny it all and pass off the eye-blinks as yawns but there was the chart showing every brain-wave, every eyelid movement, every heart-beat, every breath.

The experiments have been devised by Dr Georges Verdeaux, a leading Paris psychiatrist, his biologist wife Jacqueline, and Robert Franco, who is working on behalf of the Centre d'Etudes Radiophoniques.

They are also being used to probe the effects of prison life on the minds of men.

## Tiger THE GOLD MEDAL Championship BEER



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# JANE dives to a washout

The moment before  
a smile vanished



There's an unpleasant side to this business of being an underwater star. Jane Russell, draped with diving gear and flippers, emerges mournfully from Florida's calm waters. Damp, dubious, dismal.



Jane Russell, about to go down, still keeps the orthodox film star smile. But it was no fun in the underwater stalls.

## UNDERWATER FILM FLOP WAS NO FUN—EVEN FOR FISHES

From HUGH DUNDAS

SILVER SPRINGS, Fla.—Swimming talent, stomping around on the water's edge for nearly two chilly hours, almost drowned, a specially prepared underwater superscope screen. Squatting uncomfortably on a bench in the bottom of a boat, sharing an 8-in. port hole, with two other spectators, I was able to see when the premiere of the great new EICCO supercope production "Underwater" had started. Two hours late.

Peering through the glass, I saw darkly some of the credit lines. I even caught a snatch of two of the accompanying music. But with the beginning of the film itself the screen faded from sight.

My own line of vision was occupied at a range of about two yards by the goose-pimple legs and torso of blonde Jane Russell, a plump young lady built pretty well along the same lines as Marilyn Monroe and allegedly destined for stardom.

The poor girl had made a decorative entry into the water 90 minutes earlier, wearing her third and most dramatic bathing-out of the day: a pink and tiny bikini.

By this time I judged she would gladly have traded all the pretty clothes in the world for a couple of Army blankets and a hot water bottle.

For 25 minutes the pretence dragged on. The audience, dry and wet soon drifted away.

Mr. Howard Hughes, the multimillionaire film maker and owner of the world's largest flying boat which could hardly fly, now has to be credit also the world's only water cinema show—which could hardly be seen.

### POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"No, no, Chester. Seriously, I've come just to see the picture."

## Are there no GENTLEMEN any more?

HOW hard it is to be a gentleman in this supersonic age. Hats are rarely worn—so how can they be raised?

A zebra crossing is a much safer way of crossing the street than the arm of any squire. You can't offer your seat in an airliner.

So the question is posed: ARE THERE ANY GENTLEMEN LEFT?

Four women who ought to know—a famous four who between them meet all shades of society—provide the answer. What do they decide?

That the art of being a gentleman is flourishing. But read what they say—and then decide how your husband rates.

Take the views of LADY CLARE, wife of Sir Kenneth Clark, chairman of the Independent Television Authority.

She has been president of the Society of London Fashion Designers. Now, through her children, she gets a preview of the modes and attitudes of the next crop of grown-ups.

"My children's friends are so polite their manners are so perfect that they make me wonder. I am sure we were never so well behaved when we were young."

### Four famous hostesses weigh up the state of chivalry in 1955—and find that Englishmen lead

"If manners are only superficial they are no disguise. You can always tell the man who is not a real gentleman."

"A public school gives the gloves but there are just as many gentlemen who never went near such a place."

Lady Clark's definition: A gentleman is a man with a code of ethics which he never breaks. He has kindness, sympathy, and integrity.

Her favourite gentleman: "Good Heavens, I know too many. I can't pick one out."

MRS GERALD LEGGE, 24-year-old Mayfair hostess, Westminster City councillor, prison lecturer, and airport catering critic, has her own views.

Gentlemen, she claims, end at Dover.

"My idea of a gentleman," she says, "is that combination of manners and character which has been evolved by the British. One doesn't hear of a French gentleman or a German gentleman. Always an English gentleman."

Mrs Legge's definition: Being a gentleman involves helping an old woman across a road. It is the opposite of sending pennies from a blind beggar. It is an over-simplification, but it shows what I mean.

Her favourite gentleman: My husband—after 24 hours' thought I have decided he has the qualifications.

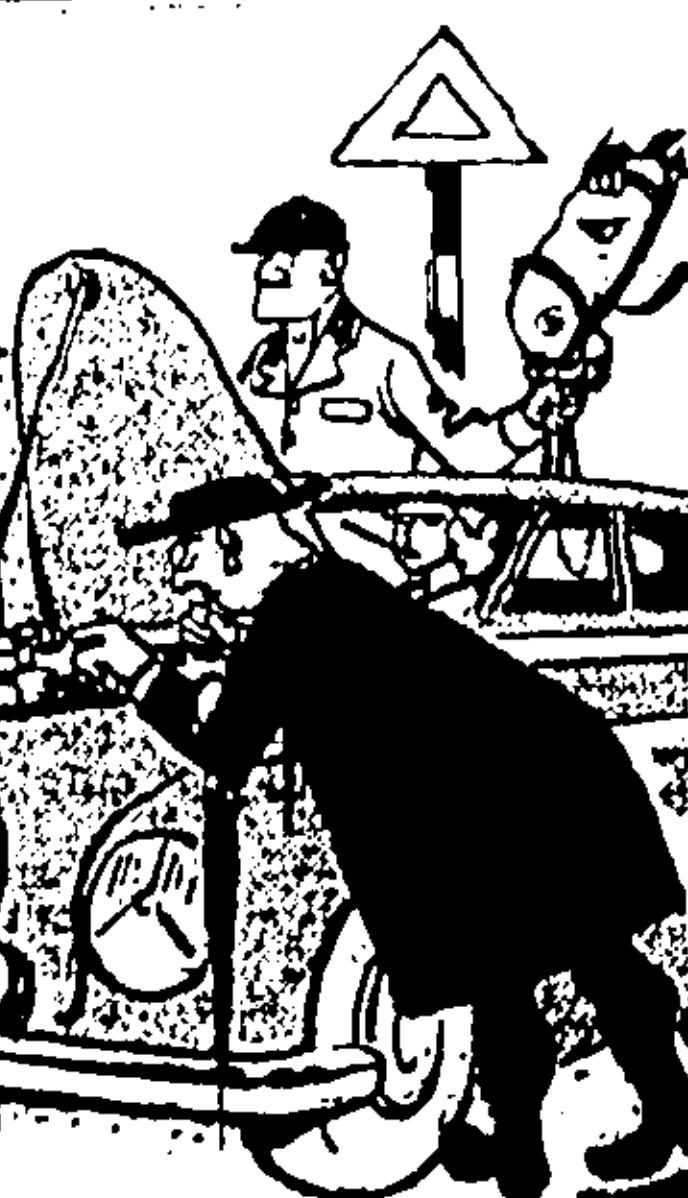
Soon THE COUNTESS OF LIELOWELL'S daughter marries Lord Granley.

It will be a much-photographed wedding. But will there be more top hats and morning coats than gentlemen?

The countess's daughter of the old regime says no.

"There are a great many gentlemen about," she states. She says "no" to Mrs. Legge's claim that the title of "gentleman" belongs to the English.

"Even a Russian can be a gentleman," says the countess. The countess's definition: The gentlemanly, courteous, honest and chivalry.



"If a woman's car breaks down on any road, the most wonderful things happen."

### By ROBERT GLENTON

MRS LLEWELLYN, wife of Britain's most famous horseman, Colonel Harry Llewellyn.

She adds: "And England is full of gentlemen. If a woman's car breaks down on any road the most wonderful things happen. It's just a procession of gentlemen of every class of society... every one trying to help."

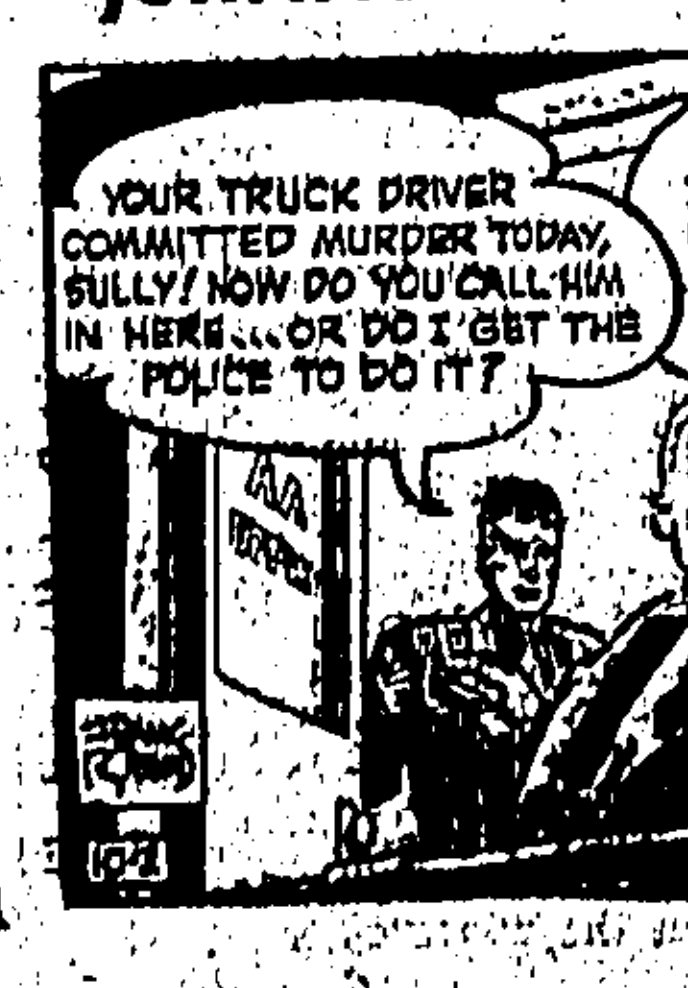
"I once held a shop door open in America. I absolutely mindlessly went on holding it open until I suddenly discovered 12 men walking through one after another. That wouldn't happen here."

Mrs Llewellyn's definition: A gentleman has perfect manners, sympathy, and above all he has fire. He is positive, not just negatively polite.

Her favourite gentleman: Prince Philip has most of the qualities I regard as important.

Now sit back... take a long, long look at your husband. How near does he come to the critical standards of Legge, Listowel, Llewellyn, and Clark?

### JOHNNY HAZARD



YOUR TRUCK DRIVER COMMITTED MURDER TODAY. BULLY! NOW DO YOU CALL HIM IN HERE... OR DO I GET THE POLICE TO DO IT?

TAKE IT EASY... I'LL CALL HIM! HEY, GUS... COME IN HERE A MINUTE!

YOU CALL ME, BULLY? SAY... WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE, MISTER?

GUS, THIS GUY CLAIMS YOU KILLED A MAN IN HIS PET SHOP TODAY...

AND I CLAIM HE'S MADE A BIG MISTAKE... SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH!

## William Hickey

STAGE SECRETS ARE TOLD... BUT THE MAGIC STILL REMAINS

I WENT to Wyndham's Theatre to watch Paul Rogers and Rosalind Boxall show children how a scene from a play—in this case, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—is built up from a first reading to a dress rehearsal.

Margaret Leighton—very smart in a black suit and red hat—introduced the performance. At first she confessed that she was a bit worried. She didn't know whether it was a good thing to let people into the mystery of the theatre. "It should be kept a mystery."

### Behold—the truth

She need not have worried. We saw the shrouds being pulled off the mystery—bluntly, cruelly. But the magic was more potent than ever.

London. I have never known an audience so intense. And the adults were as silent as the children.

It was a virtuoso performance by Paul and Rosalind. It would provide a first-class entertainment anywhere.

They came in, wearing ordinary clothes, very businesslike.

"We are going to strip the magic from everything," said Paul. "We are just going to do it as it happens."

Paul was Bottom. Rosalind, Titania. Bottom has just got his ass's head. Titania is asleep.

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?" said Titania in a flat voice.

"Cut that next bit," said Rogers. "I shall make a bee-hive noise at that line."

Titania made notes on her copy. "Always have a pencil and make notes straightaway," she said.

They made uninteresting even such lines as:—  
"And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep."

Next scene. Paul and Rosalind put away their chairs and had a go at the movement.

"You see," said Paul, "a stage is like a chessboard... centre, right centre, left centre, down stage, up stage. You get continuations like 'down right' and 'up right'."

"Do you mind if I don't lie down," said Rosalind. "It's my stockings."

"Keep it a fairly tight circle," said Paul. "Do you want me to do it in a ballet movement. After all, I am Titania."

"Yes," says Paul, "but not too much ballet. That would be too Reinhardt."

"I know," continues Rosalind, "slightly ballet. Stylized."

"That's it," says Paul. "Are you ready, darling?"

At that "darling" I could sense half the girls in audience making a fixed determination to go on the stage—whatever father says.

The scene was coming to life now.

There was a softness in Titania's voice as she half-whispered:

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note."

There was a dim-witted clownishness about Bottom's "I see thy knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could."

Next scene. On come the make-up boxes.

Paul wears a rather off-white bath robe. Rosalind in a house-coat. This was the transformation scene.

This was the magic of colour, pencil, sponge, and brush.

It was useless for Paul to try to destroy it all with off-hand remarks as he rubbed brown on his face. "We would have polished our performance quite a lot by now. The scene is a woodland glade."

It was useless for Rosalind to say, "First you must remove everything with removing grease. And then wipe it off. I always use babies' old nappies"—and promptly produced a tattered rag.

There was magic in the bottles. Magic in the hands that used them.

We saw Titania come to life. "I've got to get rid of my eyebrows," said Rosalind, "so I rub them with soap."

And sure enough they disappeared.

We saw her paint on new ones—great, dramatic streaks that arched their way round her forehead.

Rogers was busy putting vermilion on the tip of his nose—"just to show it's a comedy."

The apparent

And then off came the bath-robe and the house-coat.

Every time the scene came on with Titania's train, Bottom's ass's head and belt.

"If it was a real performance," said Rosalind, "I would be going up and down on my knees in the dressing-room so that my knees wouldn't crack when I got up on the stage."

And sure enough her knees did crack when she got up. But that was the last attempt on their part to "strip the magic away."

They had failed utterly. We were looking not at Paul Rogers or Rosalind Boxall any longer.

(Continued on Page 10 Col. 6)

By Frank Robbins

### SEE too the mischief that Krishna Menon has done since he moved to the United Nations.

In September 1953 he was calling for an end to

### See-saw

So the mental processes in reasoning seem to take him along a familiar path.

As India's Foreign Minister he can be depended upon to make further lofty speeches rebuking the wickedness of Western Imperialists while the grasp of India herself reaches greedily and ever more firmly over Kashmir.

He can be expected to see-saw carefully between East and West and accept the compromises of Russia without complaint.

He can be trusted to snatch every possible advantage from India's Commonwealth connection without accepting any of the responsibilities.

How, in short, will the switch from Nehru to Krishna Menon affect India's international policies?

The answer is straightforward. In no way whatsoever.

### Mischief

So far, admirable. But look further into the record of Krishna Menon.

He has always been a fierce doctrinaire Left-winger. For 13 years he was a Socialist councillor at St Pancras; for three the party's parliamentary candidate at Dundee. And as secretary of the India League, which he created in 1930, he was for 17 years the most zealous and inflexible propagandist for Indian independence at work in Britain. Even in wartime he was privately prodding Roosevelt and Stalin to persuade the British Government to let India go "free."

...this situation calls for a San Miguel



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## The Queen's Gowns Go Into The Fire

London. GOWNS worth as much as £400 are BURNED in the furnaces at Buckingham Palace when they are no longer wanted by the Queen, Princess Margaret, or the Queen Mother.

These are the special-occasion gowns that have been the envy of smartly dressed women and which would be snuffed up for fantastic sums as "royal relics" by showmen all over the world.

Before they are burned they are stripped of ornaments, sequins, and other pearls that can be used again.

Other dresses are ripped to pieces. The material is sent to charitable organizations.

It is not a secret. NOT given away to royal servants.

Interest in the royal dresses, and in Prince Philip's suits, was aroused two weeks ago.

It was reported that 30-year-old Miss Betty Barnes, a Palace waitress, known to the royal staff as the Duchess, had visited London night spots in an outfit previously worn by the Queen Mother, and carrying a bag given her by Princess Margaret.

## 'IMPOSSIBLE'

Reaction from the Palace "quite impossible."

These Palace former valet J. is dead, now landlord of a pub, at East Kent, said. This is a fantastic story.

Are the suits and uniforms of Kings and royal Dukes also burned? Said Mr. Deane "Worries out and out-fashioned suits are destroyed. Others are handed down. The young Duke of Kent, for instance, inherited some of the suits of King George VI.

"Most of the uniforms are presented to Service institutions or museums."

A Buckingham Palace official said: "The handing-on of royal clothes would lead to unwelcome commercialisation and become an abuse of royal dignity."

London Express Service

## WHEN IT'S A HAIRDO—INSPIRATION STARTS IN LONDON



Here it is again — proof that although Paris may still be the fashion centre of the world, all the new inspiration for international hairdressing comes from London. These three attractive hairdressing styles by French were shown in London last September. And they have since inspired new hairdos for 1955 in America.—London Express Service.

## Anne Edwards And Drusilla Beyfus Go Sleuthing

## THE HUSH-LINE HITS FASHION

And the Master Minds go cloak-and-dagger

London, Jan. 27. HUSH. Shush. Keep it dark. Sealed Lips Week is under way. This is the week when the dress world is at its craziest; the week before the dress shows open in London, Rome, and Paris; the week you never hear about.

Everyone who claims to be a dress designer suddenly becomes a cloak-and-dagger figure behind an incredible smoke-screen of secrecy. So closely hidden are their plans, so mysterious their movements, you might think each one of them was guarding a new atom formula.

Has Mr. Hartnell chosen maybe or give to "secrets" this season?

He is one of the world's most closely guarded secrets. Is it true that Balmain is using tatted tweed? Shush. No one dare hint yes or no. Is it a fact that Madame Fath is going to for her? Keep it dark.

IN PARIS, at the week-end we found every doorway up, every avenue closed, every street cordoned, every model girl sworn to secrecy, and even the mountains searched. As the big week approaches the orders were going out.

Look up the model girls: "I don't even talk to you," said model girl Dexter Vaughan. "I'm not even supposed to talk to callers on the telephone. They are afraid we may give away something about the new collection."

Keep a look-out on those windows. They say that since since night up a telephone in some window opposite Christian Dior's workshop to see what material he was using.

Watch the models' clothes at the accessory show. At Fath's they are the girls in black silk gowns, that when they display the hats and shoes and hats, they don't give away any clues about their lengths or necklines.

## Sealed lips

There was not a weak link to be spotted in the defence. And there was not a new idea in sight, not so much as a new buckle or a hairpin. The salons shrieked with emptiness.

True, at Balmain's you may spot a model girl slipping out of the design room. What's that amazing white garment she's got on? Maybe it's a hint of Mr. B's next collection? Alas, it's a shroud which she must put on every time she leaves the design room to hide what Mr. B. is dreaming up underneath.

Not even sickness is allowed to break the sealed lips campaign. Pierre Balmain, the man who makes dresses for the Duchess of Kent, is laid low because of a skiing accident. ("Dear Pierre, don't go," everyone pleaded "you'll break a leg and then what of the dresses?") But Pierre went.

Now his sick-bed is moved out of his comfortable private house into his offices so that nobody will be able to catch a glimpse of his designs in transit. At Dior's you can almost hear the hum of taut nerves and fraying tempers—but there's never an outward sign of what it is all about.

The girls who work there have to wear their Old Look—last season's hair style, dress, and make-up. For the New Look is a deep, dark secret, and will only appear on the day of the dress show. (Wait for it, girls.)

## Clamp-down

What of Dior himself? "He works ceaselessly night and day in his studio with only a little chicken on a tray to sustain him," said one of the Dior aides.

Perhaps M. Dior had left some word about the future? "Ah yes," said the aide. "Ah, at last. Perhaps this was a collapse of the secrecy session. But no. The message is a masterpiece of bunkum in 31 words. It says: 'We must watch out for the escape of a quick, agile fashion for a gay summer.'"

Commented a Dior official: "I never could make sense of it, in either French or English—but it is all he will say."



Oh, what a hullabaloo over a hen, what a shemuzzle over a new dress shade, what a brouhaha about a button!

## All about Gladys by Miss Cooper

★ SHE IS 36 and has been in her life the four things most women want to be — a world-famous beauty; a top-flight actress; a mother; and a grandmother.

Gladys Cooper conducted the interview in her dressing-room: intellectual and imperious, theatrical and aristocratic, slightly formidable — and every bit aware of just what she is, has been, and will be.

ON BEING A BEAUTY: "I wanted to be a vet when I was young, not an actress. If I had been a vet I would probably have done very well at it, because I have a strong will-power and wanted to succeed."

"Acting isn't all that interesting to me. I hate all the rehearsing, waiting about, electric lights and cold draughts. But it is my job."

"People ask me why I don't retire—well, of course, does anyone work, really? If I could have afforded to, I would have given up the theatre years ago."

ON BEING A BEAUTY: "Fortunately it had nothing to do with me—my looks are a matter of chance and unalterable, so there is nothing to worry about and nothing to be done about it."

## Lucky me...

"But it did affect my career. I became stamped as the Picture Postcard Girl—which was good publicly at the time—and because of my looks people refused to believe I could be a serious actress. They gave me parts as a pretty girl, but it took years to convince them I was anything more."

ON CHILDREN: "By far the most satisfactory part of a woman's life. And then her grandchildren. My children are grown up now, but I see them all the time. It is nonsense to say that an actress can't have a private life. Nonsense, or an admission of defeat."

ON BEING A SUCCESS: "Naturally I enjoy being a success—and I think myself very lucky to be one still (she opened in a new play last week). The drawbacks are the same in any profession; if you become a success, in a sense you become public property. And if you annoy the public, you cease to be a success."

"I can never understand why people apologise for asking for an autograph—I think how depressing it would be if no one wanted one's autograph."

## From Couture Work To Wholesale Trade

London. CLOSE to Claridges in Brook Street there is an exclusive dress shop where the customers include visiting American film stars and "pillars of English society." They may order a single dress or a complete wardrobe and pay up to £200 for one outfit.

Running the shop and designing the clothes for the last nine years has been Mrs. Jean West, a lively dressmaker with a mop of black curls. But from now on her customers will have ready-made dresses, costing five or ten pounds each. For Mrs. West has gone into the wholesale business.

"People want off-the-peg clothes nowadays," she explained. "So many of my customers have asked for good, plain dresses at a low price that I have decided to go in for wholesale designing."

## GOOD LINES

She also hopes to build up an export business in her new ready-made clothes, and her first overseas inquiry came recently from Hong Kong. One of the big stores there asked to see sketches of the designs and samples of the materials.

Mrs. West likes simple clothes, with good lines and not too much trimming. She hopes she'll give value for money. Several of her cotton dresses are sold with matching petticoats—unusual for a wholesaler. They normally expect you to supply your own. And she doesn't skimp. One of her dresses measures eight yards round the hem.

She chooses materials for their character as well as their good looks. One she is using at the moment is an angora wool cloth, strengthened with nylon to prevent the hairs from falling out. Another is a "spot resistant" velvet—there's no fear of marking it when you press it with a damp cloth.

## A SNAG

Mrs. West has already found the first snag in turning from couture work to the wholesale trade... in climbing down the business ladder, instead of up. Some of the prospective buyers have been frightened away by the shop's opulent surroundings, thinking the dresses would be "pricey."

She was brought up in the old school of dressmaking where every stitch was sewn by hand and everyone had a time-honoured dislike for the machine. But she has been won over by the machine. She finds modern machines so good that they produce better work than is possible by hand. And they spare the seamstress' eyes.

Helping her is Pam Fitzgerald, a 23-year-old society girl who has forsaken her diamonds and champagne background to sell clothes. Pam arrived at the shop as a customer and stayed to work. She has her own technique and samples with her when she visits store buyers, she puts on one of the dresses, models it in front of the buyers, and asks if they would like to buy it.

## WHERE TO?

Though Mrs. West's styles are up-to-date, her workroom is anything but modern. She surrounds herself with Victorian knick-knacks, picked up at odd moments when browsing through junk shops.

There is a little-work wallpaper, sprigged with roses, and black and white curtains, edged with broderie anglaise. One corner is lit by a gas mantle, because she prefers this to electric light. In another corner, she has parked a goat cart and draped her latest model on it. She rescued the cart from an antique shop after discovering that it once belonged to Queen Alexandra. She dusted it, gave it a coat of paint, then installed it in her shop.

Mrs. West came to this shop from Cambridge where there's a family tailoring and dressmaking business, started by her father and carried on now by her brothers.

Where she goes from Brook Street depends on her personal export drive.

—Dorothy Barkley

a Special

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## Spring Hat From Paris



Emma Pierron presents this broad-brimmed hat in her Spring Collection. It is in black and white grosgrain; under the brim hangs a pretty rose.—Agence France-Press.

## SQUABBLING LEADS TO TOOTHACHE

SQUABBLING parents are mainly responsible for the rapid decay of their children's teeth, says a letter in the British Dental Journal.

The writer says that where there is disharmony in the home, dental disease is rampant "exactly in proportion to the degree of apprehension."

He adds that most chronic sufferers from dental disease are children and young people whose parents are estranged or divorced.

In other cases, he noted, where parents and teachers have "inordinate ambitions" for their children and are constantly urging them to mental efforts "beyond their capacity," dental disease is also prevalent.

## TONKINESE STYLE



"Petite Tonkinoise," carrying the same name as the popular French note, is of simple, elegant style. The pale color of the hat contrasts with the bright yellow color of the hat dress. The hat is shaded into dark brown.—Agence France-Press.

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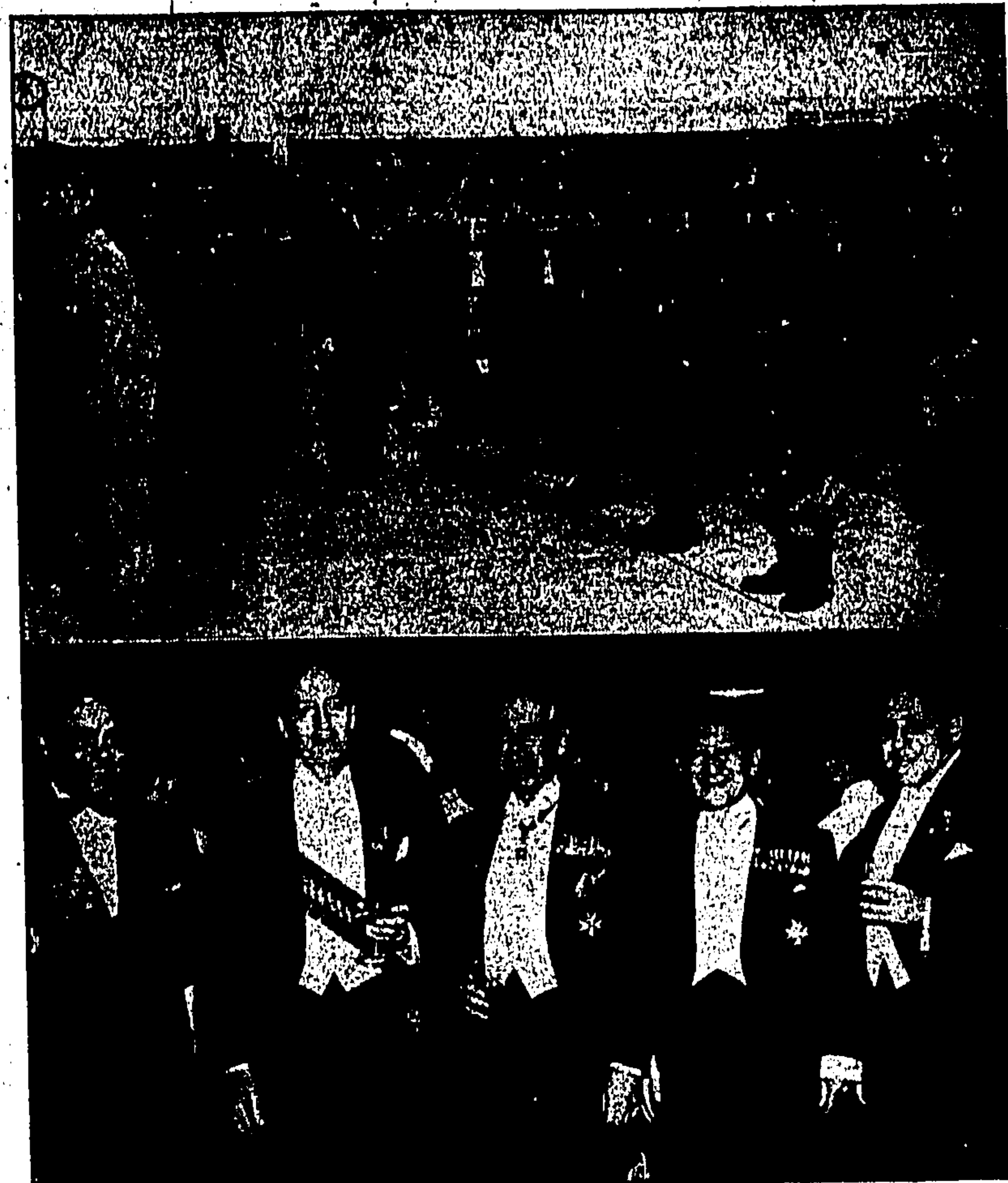
Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 1 or 2 tablets of **CAPSPIN**, dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish.

**CAPSPIN**





THE Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, meets members of the Grasshoppers football team from Zurich before their match with the All-Hongkong XI on Chinese New Year's Day. Right: The Grasshoppers' captain, W. Neukom, and the All-Hongkong leader, Tang Sum, exchange pennants before the kick-off. (Staff Photographer)



TOP picture shows Lt-Gen. Sir Otto Lund, Commissioner-in-Chief of the St John Ambulance Brigade, inspecting local SJAB units at Caroline Hill. Lower picture taken at the St John Ambulance Ball at the Peninsula Hotel shows Sir Otto (centre) with His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, Mr Alim Jagtiani, Dr Arthur W. Woo and Mr Lawrence Kadoorie. (Staff Photographer)



MR Desmond Prosser Inglis and his bride, the former Miss Rosemary Anne Road, after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, on Monday. The parties were Mr William Little and Miss Beatrice Helm. (Staff Photographer)



AT the reunion dinner of the Ex-Chindits Association of Hongkong. From left: Mr K. B. Allport, Mr Y. T. Tse, Mr W. K. Lam, Col. J. D. Clague, Major the Rev. F. G. Wood, Mr C. K. Chak and Mr Maximo Cheng. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Scene from the Kowloon Cricket Club pantomime, "Little Red Riding Hood," showing Simple Simon (Bill Carter) with the Dairymaids. (Staff Photographer)



STARR LIU, who won the Jockey Cup on Fleetmaster at the Hongkong Jockey Club's annual meeting, seen with Mrs D. R. Benson, daughter-in-law of the Chairman of the Stewards, who presented the trophy. (Staff Photographer)

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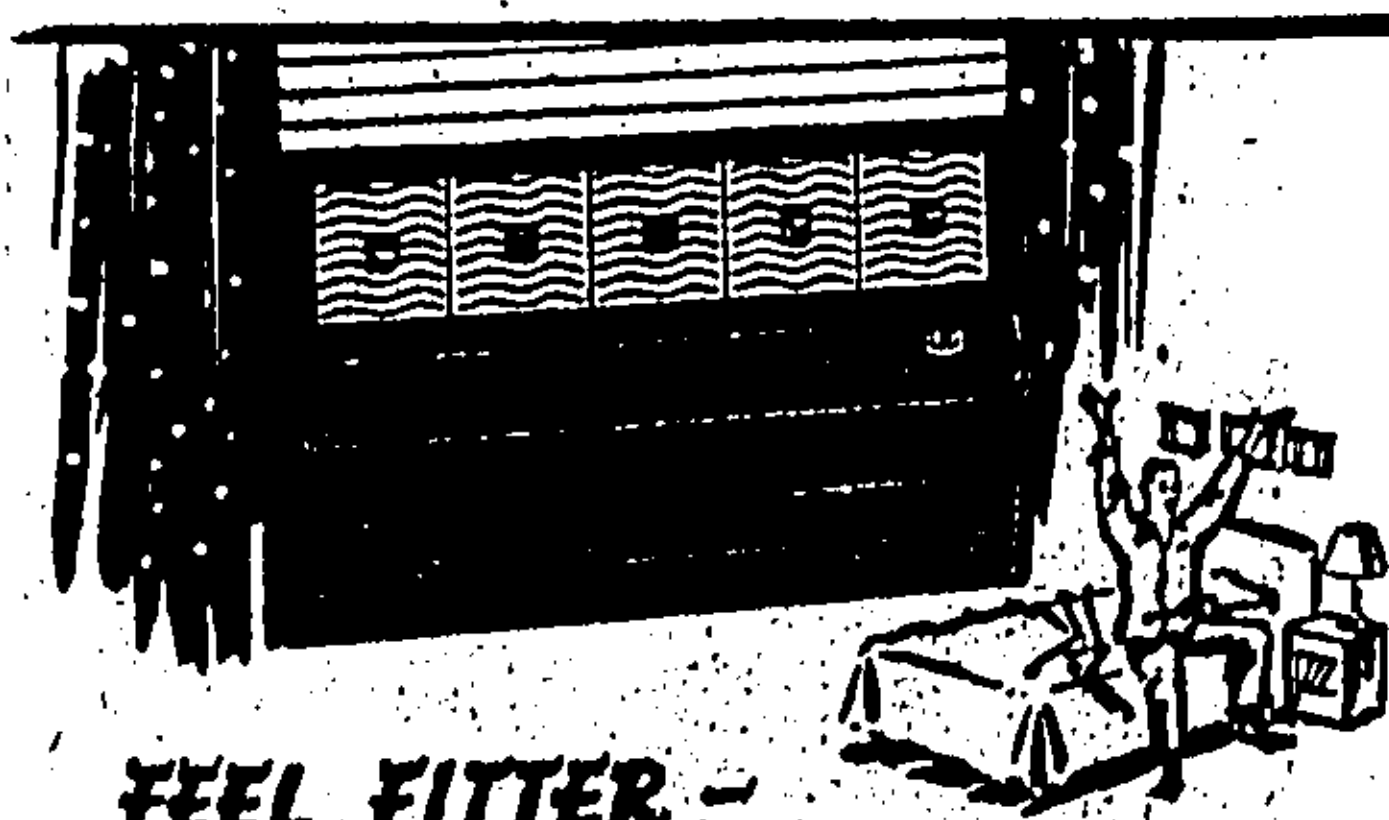
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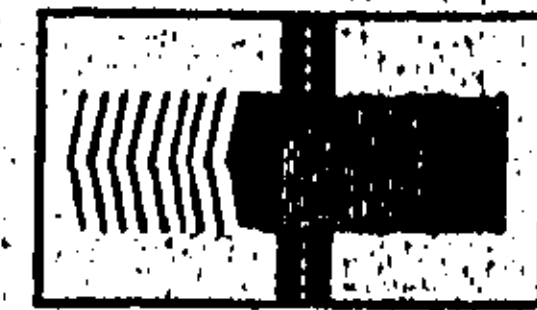
FAMILIAR Chinese New Year scenes witnessed early this week. Top left: Choosing the highly-prized bell flower. Above: A little joss for the old year's favours and for good fortune in the new. Left: It is a children's holiday and these young lion dancers make the most of it. (Staff Photographer)



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ST Andrew's Church members gathered to say farewell to Mr and Mrs G. S. P. Haywood, who are leaving the Colony on retirement. (Staff Photographer)



OPENING bats in the friendly cricket match between Hongkong University "Occasionals" and the "SCM Postscripts." Left: D. Stanbridge and W. V. Pennell, who opened for the pressmen. Right: R. Jothy and H. Ching, opening bats for the "Occasionals." (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr H. C. Menzies, Australian Trade Commissioner, welcomes Lt-Gen. C.S. Sugden to the Australia Day reception at the Hongkong Club. (Staff Photographer)



AT the party given at the Gloucester Hotel to mark India's National Day. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, in conversation with Mr U. L. Parambi, Officer in charge of the Office of the Commissioner for India. (Staff Photographer)



VISITORS to the Aberdeen Trade School inspecting the work of the students on exhibition last week-end. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM presenting prizes at the Forces dance sponsored by the Women's International Club. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mothers and children receiving packages of food at the Chinese New Year party given at the Diocesan Boys' School on Thursday by the Kowloon centres of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



SQUARE dancing is becoming popular in Hong-kong. Picture shows enthusiasts going through the paces at the European YMCA. (Staff Photographer)

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HOLIDAYMAKERS at the Botanical Gardens during the Chinese New Year vacation greatly enjoyed the swing music of the Special Constabulary Band. The conductor is Neong Dixon. (Staff Photographer)

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## EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS IN YOUTH

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

TOO many adults have forgotten when they were young, and how they felt about a number of matters to which, now, they give little thought. At the threshold of maturity, many problems and fears enter the mind. Most young people meet and solve these problems, but the process is not always easy.

The problem of choosing a life work is a serious one. To become a successful worker in some responsible job, whether the work is clerical or artistic, is a necessity. But there is more

to it—the choice of life's work should be such that there will be joy in working itself. No job is worth holding if it is nothing but an onerous chore to be done as quickly as possible and escaped from to more congenial climes. The choice is not always helped by parental understanding. The white-collar parent who considers any job beneath him if it gets the hands dirty or is performed in "work clothes," is prone to exert pressure, silently or vocally, to keep his children in the path which he has pursued. Vocations which he has chosen by those who must live the life, tackle the job and adjust to it. No job will be all velvet and no

pickles, but there is no need to put on an occupational hair shirt at the start of life. Not even to please "Mom."

Presently, to follow father's occupation are often greeted with the question, "What's the point of that?" (medicine, architecture, the law, education) or, if a successful business has been found, "and the family must carry it." Young people can have but two choices, if they do not wish to abdicate by the needs of the older generation. They can yield, or they can rebel. In either case it takes a strong and well-adjusted personality to succeed. If one yields, he faces the disadvantage of a life in which his own wishes may recede ever further into an unattainable distance. If one rebels, he faces the disapproval or disappointment of the family, and this can be a serious matter. Every failure will be charged with his "sufficiency" or "good advice." These are hard choices; the second is the better, because it preserves the integrity of the personality.

Not only the choice of a vocation, but the youth, but in some cases, which I have known, he struggles with the uncertainty as to whether he will be a success, and be able to care for himself independently, in any occupation. The usually result from perfectionism or over-critical thinking, who have either expected too much of an average person, or belittled and ridiculed the efforts of one with lesser gifts.

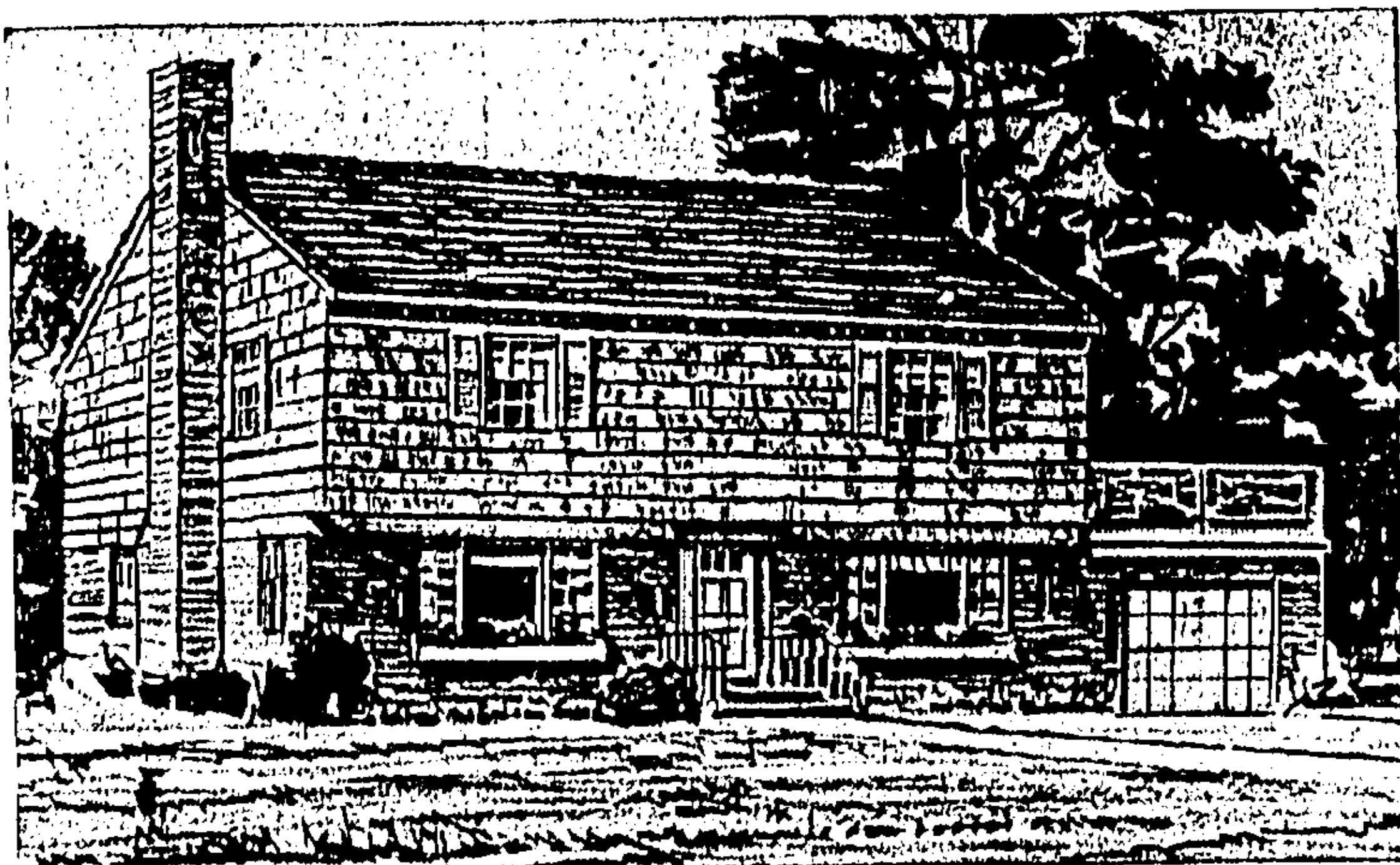
### Sensitive Age

Among the goals of every young person is love, a home and parenthood. This desire, too, creates deep and serious questions of fitness and ability. There is in many boys a fear of sterility that they may never function as fathers. There is always the question of finding the right mate, and achieving reciprocal affection. The contemptuous comments of the adult about "puppy love" or "cat-in-the-hat" together with "heavy-handed" and ill-timed "humours" are no help to the sensitive youth.

For youth is sensitive. They may not hard-boiled, but that is a cover-up. Youth's ideals are often rudely shattered by the actions of the words of the cynical older generation. Of course, young people must grow up to realization that there is much evil and cruelty in the world, but they need not be robbed of a faith in the good that exists, too, of which there is much more than is commonly realised.

Among youths, most severe indictments of the older generation is "they won't let us grow up, and at the same time they expect us to act like adults." There are many facets to this problem, and it is not a simple one. As parents, it is a key to the house, use of the family car, an allowance on which they can depend, division of youth's earnings, with the rest of the family, dating, how their friends are treated in the home, a cautious hearing for their opinions, a voice in the family council, and many other ways in which their status as "people" can be recognised—or denied.

## ★ DESIRABLE EXTRAS ★



BRICK VENEER and wood siding make an attractive background for the Savoy's two ground floor picture windows with their colourful planting boxes.



SPLIT-LEVEL planning makes the exterior of the Lexington charmingly original.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

BOTH houses shown on today's page are more than one level plans.

The Savoy is a trim looking two-storey home that does credit to any community. It's a well-planned house, complete with conveniences and comforts plus luxury extras.

The living room runs the depth of the house. A good-sized area with five windows and a handsome fireplace,

it has a doorway to the terrace, one of the luxury extras already mentioned.

To the right of the entrance, is a separate dining room, another nice part of this plan. It's close by the kitchen, which conveniently features a service entry. A lavatory completes the ground floor plan.

Sleeping quarters take over the first floor. There are three bedrooms. One,

which might be used as a study, enjoys a pleasant sun deck (another extra) over the garage.

The bath has both a shower and a separate bathtub.

The Savoy, which comprises 1,394 square feet, is packed with value, and economical to build.

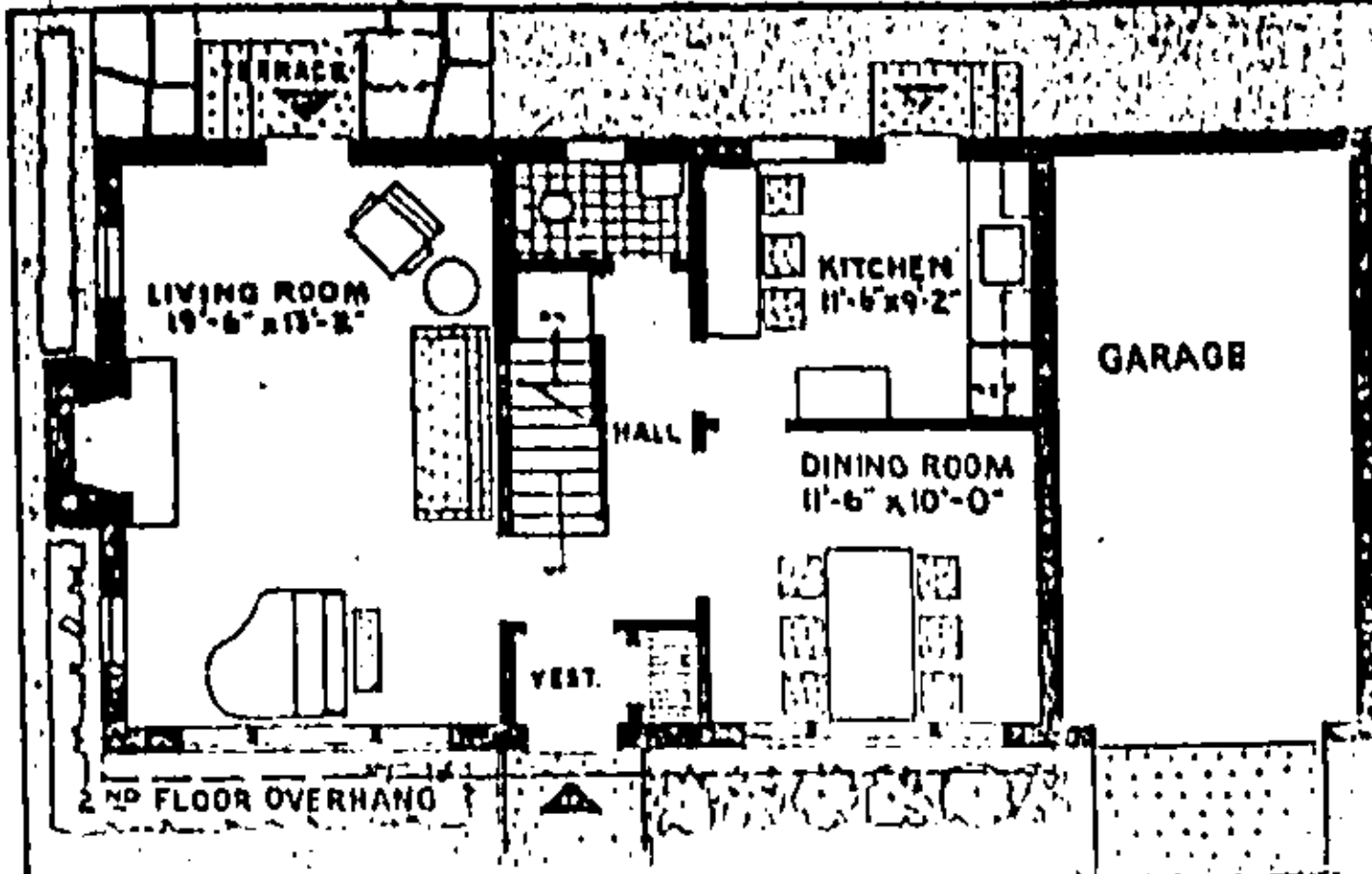
### Split-Level Special

The Lexington is something special in split-level design.

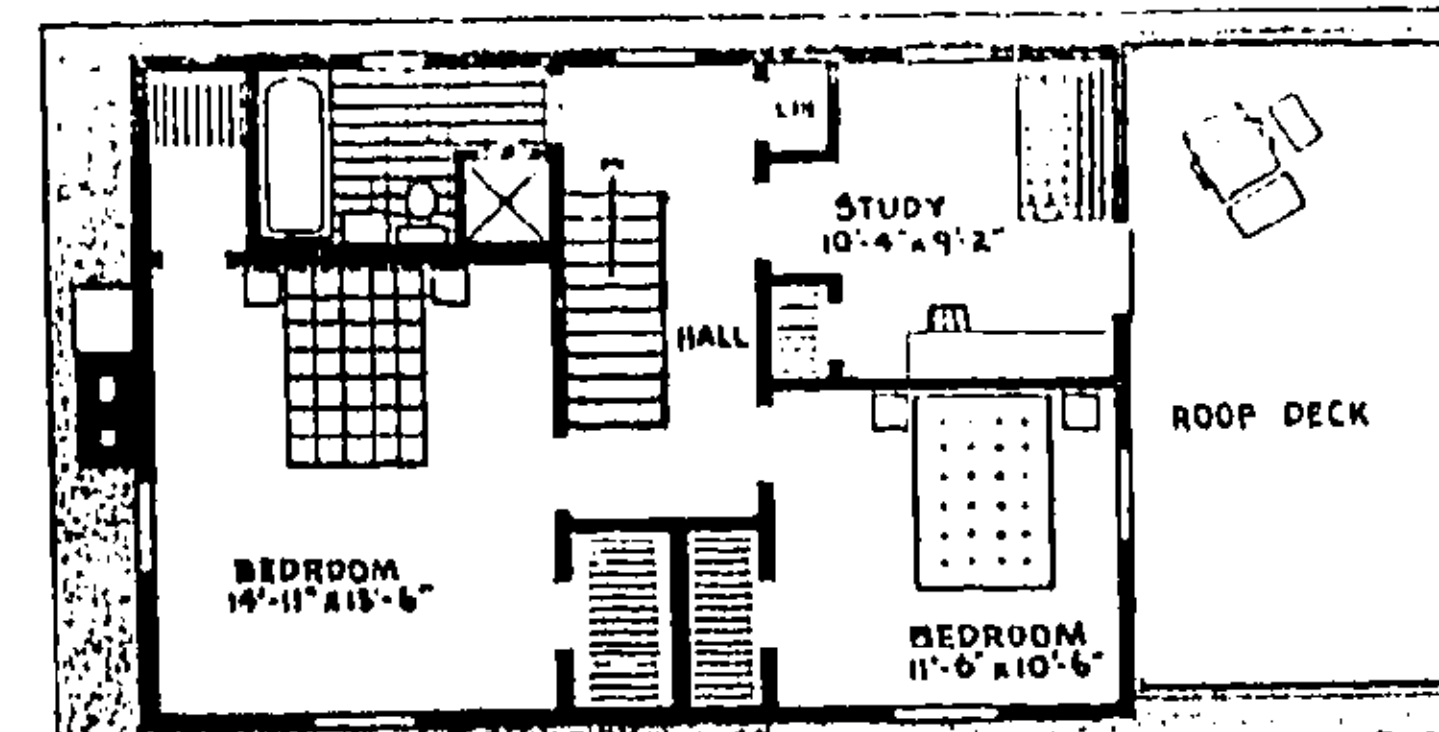
Counting basement and garage, the home has six levels as the section diagram shows.

A large, well-proportioned living room takes up half the main level, while a separate dining room and a kitchen with a short-order eating space complete the floor.

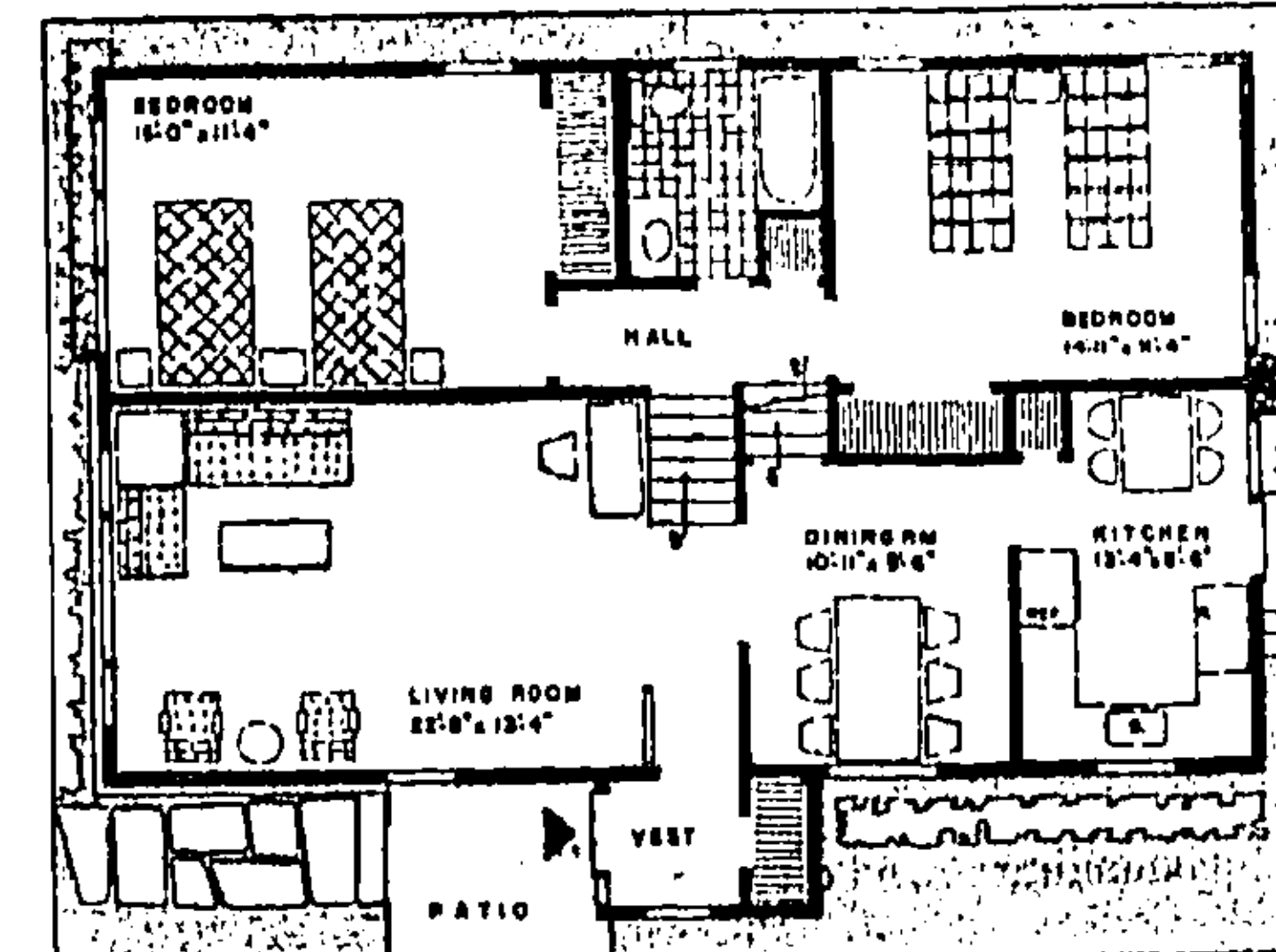
Half a flight up are two bedrooms and a bath. Another short flight leads to



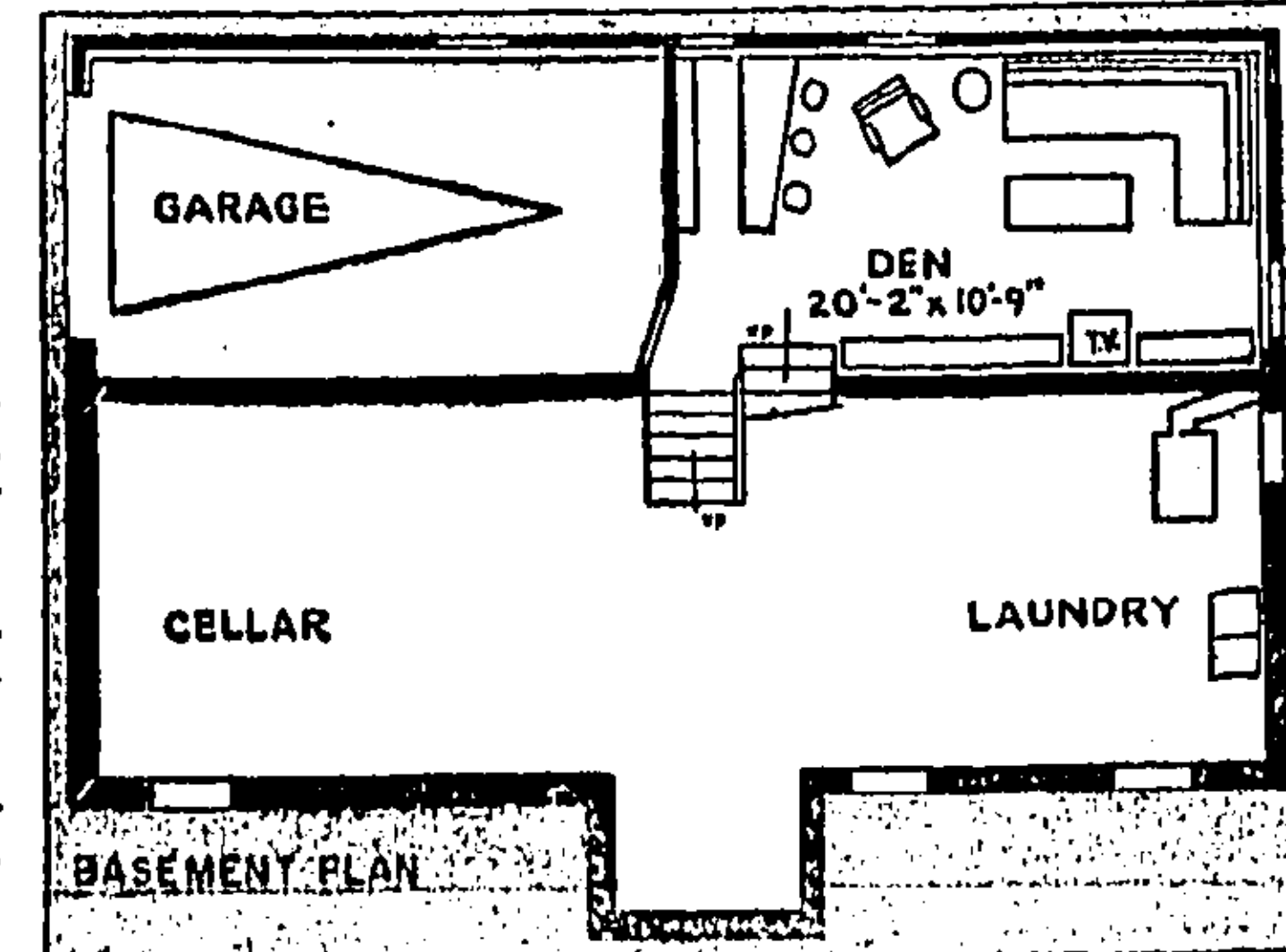
FOR SUNNY WEATHER, the spacious living room, which runs the depth of the Savoy, has a doorway outside to the flagstone terrace.



A SUN DECK is one of the desirable extras of the plan. It's accessible from a good-sized bedroom which might also be used for a study.



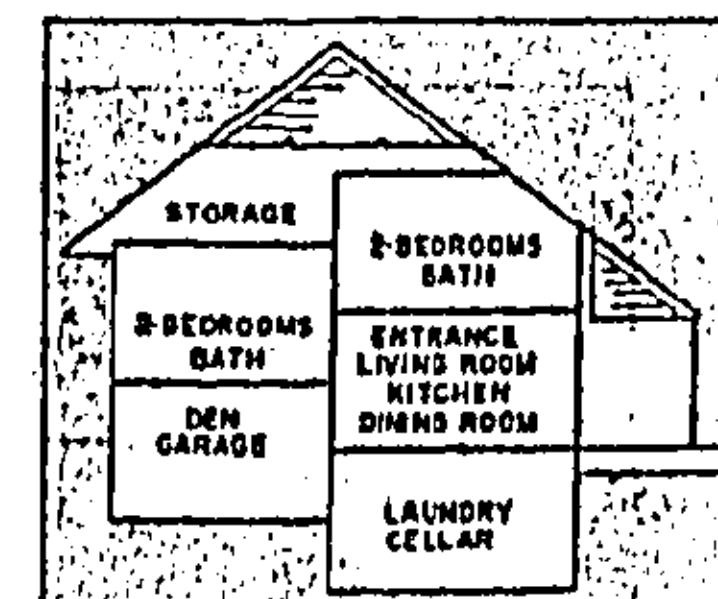
A LARGE LIVING ROOM, separate dining room and good-sized kitchen complete the first level of the Lexington. Half a flight up, are two bedrooms.



THE DEN, which is just six steps down from the dining room, is a cheery room, which could well serve as a second living room.

two additional bedrooms and still another bath. That's what's above the main level, but the plan calls for building below it, too. Six steps down from the dining room and you're in the den, a bright, cheerful area that's actually a second living room. From the den, you can go down to the basement, a big area with a special laundry section.

The Lexington comprises 1,784 square feet.



THIS SECTION diagram shows you exactly how the six levels of the Lexington plan are arranged.

## Snacks Will Lessen Your Taste Quotient

By Ida Bailey Allen

"WE hear much talk about good taste in dress, Madame, but comparatively little about good taste in foods," said the Chef. "What I mean is that subtle, discriminating reaction of the palate to fine flavour—what you might call a gourmet appreciation of the ultimate."

"Come, come, Chef! If you're going high hat, I'll do it, too. What you are referring to I call the T.Q. of foods—the taste quotient."

"Very good, Madame. But very few persons have a sufficiently discerning palate to gain a high taste rating."

"Right you are. Scientific findings show there are only ten distinctly different tastes perceptible by the average person. And I believe I can give the reason, which is that the carry-over flavours in the mouth from tobacco, gum, candy, peanuts, coffee, onions, garlic, hamburger, smoked fish, and what have you—all these interfere with normal taste reactions. Now none of these things are excellent foods, but they all have strong taste or flavour, and should be indulged in only at the proper time and place."

### NOT BEFORE MEALS

"My own particular criticism, Madame, is against gum chewing or candy munching immediately before meals. 'Oh, yes, Monsieur le Chef, and what about smoking just before sitting down to a meal, or even curling the meal?'"

"That, Madame, in my opinion, is the positive abasement of the T.Q. of Foods."

### DINNER

Grape Fruit  
Blanquette of Veal  
Whipped Potato  
Tossed Green Salad  
Pineapple Bread-and-Butter Pudding  
Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level  
Revised Service 4 to 6

**Blanquette of Veal:** Cut 2½ lb. shoulder or breast of veal into 8 serving portions. Place in a heavy saucepan. Add 1 tsp. each salt and monosodium glutamate. Pour in 4 c. boiling water and bring to boiling point.

Add 1 sliced peeled carrot, 1 sliced peeled onion, 2 whole cloves, 2 sprigs parsley and ½ bayleaf. Cover and simmer about 1½ hr., or until the veal is fork-tender.

Remove the meat and strain off the broth. There should be 1½ cups.

In a saucepan, melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine; stir in 2½ tsp. flour, when an oily paste slowly stir in the broth drained from the veal. Stir and cook until boiling.

Beat 1 egg yolk with a fork, add ¼ c. undiluted evaporated milk or commercially soured cream. Stir into the sauce. Cook and stir 1 min. Then add ½ tsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. nutmeg and 1 tsp. minced parsley.

Heap the veal onto a deep platter and pour over the sauce. Garnish with parsley.

**Pineapple Bread-and-Butter Pudding:** Butter 5 decrustless slices enriched bread; cut into 1" squares. Butter a qt. baking dish. Put in a layer of ½ the bread. Cover with ¼ c. drained crushed pineapple.

Proceed in this way until all the bread and 1 c. pineapple have been used.

Beat 2 eggs, and 3 tsp. sugar and 2 c. milk. Pour over the bread mixture; let stand 30 min.

Place in a pan, surround with hot water; bake 45 min. in a moderate oven 350° F., or until firm. Serve hot or cold with cream, or a sauce made from the pineapple juice.

### TRICK OF THE CHEF

Oven-toast crusts cut from the bread to serve with soup.

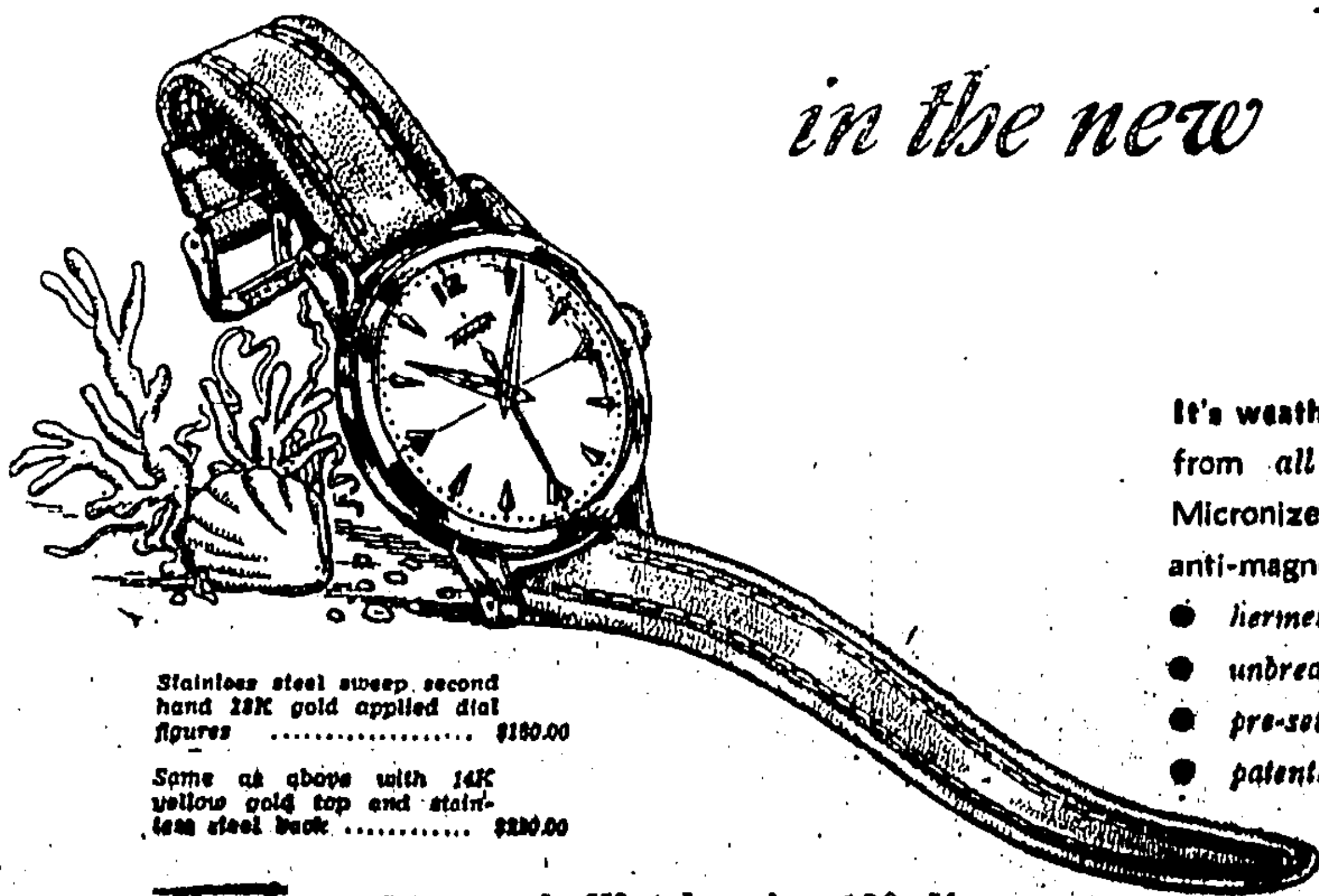
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OMEGA

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## EARLY TRAINING AT HOME HELPS READING PROGRESS

WHETHER you know it or not, you help prepare your child to read from his early babyhood. He grows interested in words, and learns to talk from hearing you and other persons talk. He talks more and better as you respond appreciatively to his words.

When you sing lullabies, or say or read nursery rhymes to him, he gets practice unawares in phonics. As you answer his questions, he hears more words, and thus widens his interest.

There comes a time, before he goes to school, when he wants to know the names of signs like those in stores or on the street. He may even point to a word in the book from which you read to him, and want to know its name. In this way, he may grow rather familiar with some words and get ready to read without knowing it.

By answering his questions and reading to him you help him learn to listen attentively, thus developing concentration, which is very valuable preparation for his learning later at school to read.

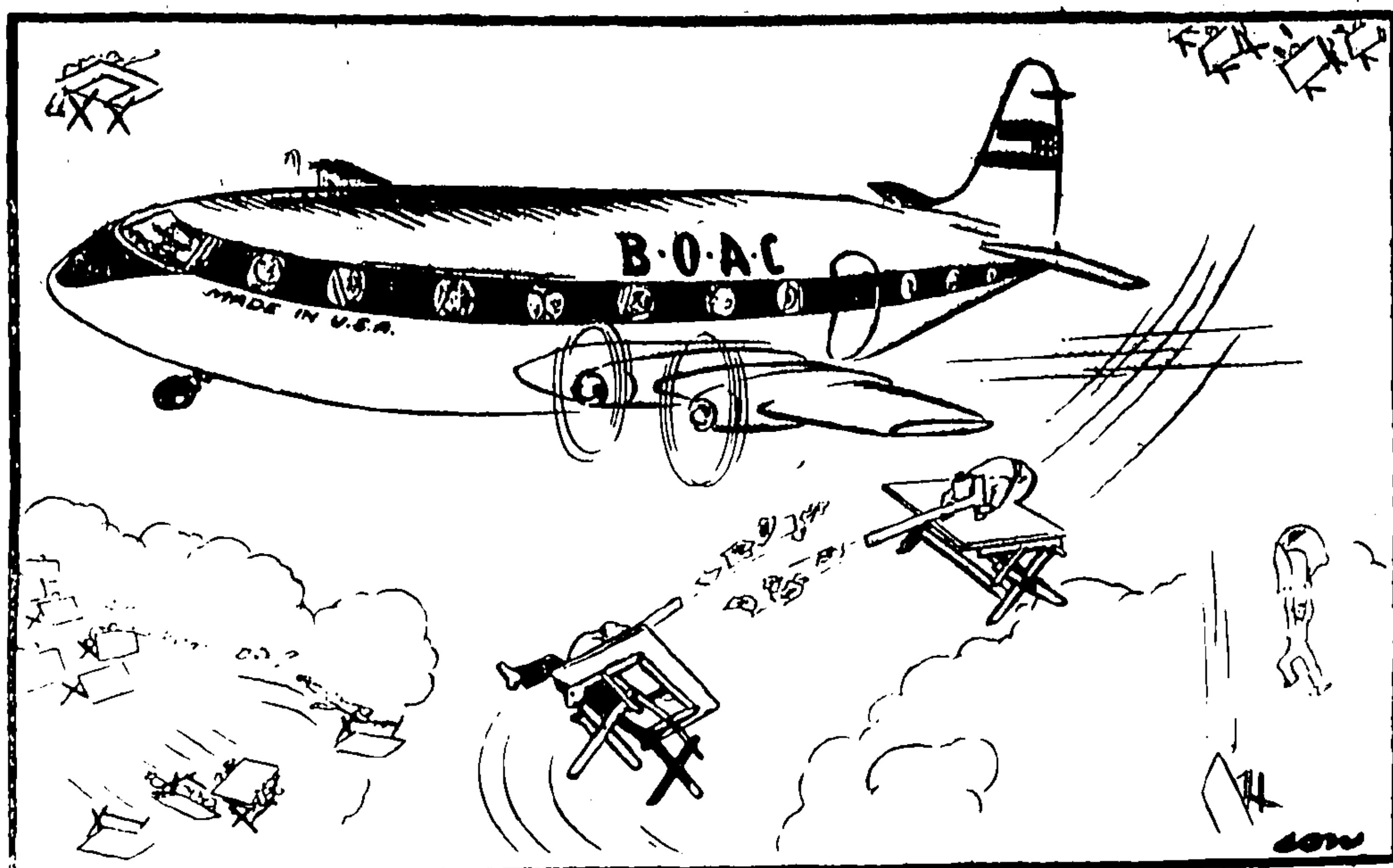
As you take walks with him, and go to other places farther from home—in a car, bus, train, ship, aeroplane—he learns much more, and has more to talk about and think about.

If he goes with you to the store, shop, beach, what's the zoo or circus, he has still greater opportunity to learn, read, and gains practice in hearing and using more words. The wider these experiences, the more familiar he will be with the meaning of the words he hears and sees in his first reading lessons at school.

Fortunately, this little child early manipulates objects, and will go on creating after entering school, and as you know, drawing pictures and making things for fun are big helpers and forerunners in learning to read.

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.





BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

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## BE MY GUEST, said DAVID LEWIN WHEN LADY DOCKER DINED WITH ARTHUR HORNER —and then came the big freeze

London. "Be my guest," I said to Lady Docker. "I'd like you to meet Arthur Horner—the Communist leader of the miners. I think your conversation should be pretty lively."

"So do I," said Lady Docker, accepting. "When I get going I say what I think."

"That's all right," I said. "Arthur Horner has the reputation of being able to look after himself."

So they both came to dinner. Sir Bernard Docker, that vigorous capitalist and director of 19 companies, came as well to hold his wife's hand. And to hold mine I invited a bright young film producer, Vivienne

Knight, who used to be a fashion designer and journalist.



LADY D

Horner ordered a gin and tonic and said: "The wrong time is the right time for you. It is a bad time for you. It is probably the best time for us."

We settled in the corner of the bar. Lady Docker wore a blue with a silver fox fur over her shoulders. Vivienne Knight was in a black cocktail dress. The two men were in sober dark suits.

Arthur Horner was saying: "I don't usually come to the West End at night. In fact, I don't spend much time in the West End at all. Today is different. I had a European Coal and Steel Federation meeting. Then a club in Park Lane, a look-in at a reception at the Dorchester."

"I don't care for the West End, though. I'd sooner get out to my home at Kenton."

Sir Bernard Docker sat next to Horner, and the two men went into a business discussion. There was talk of pounds—not by the hundred but by the million.

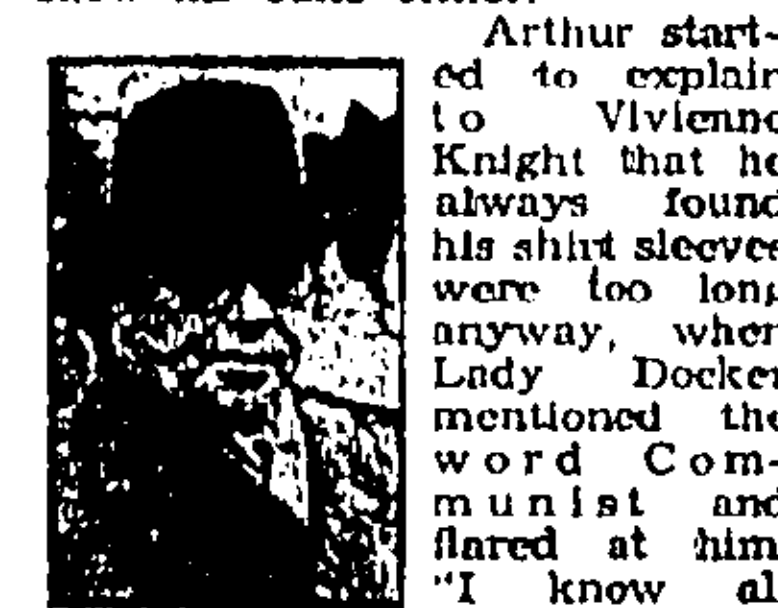
Caviar came served from a glass swan on a trolley. "Take that awful looking swan away," said Lady Docker. The swan went.

### Cuff query

WE settled down to the meal. Lady Docker paused for a moment, looked at Arthur Horner and said: "Where are your cuffs?"

Arthur Horner grinned. "Always wear my shirt sleeves rolled up," he said. "I roll them up in my office and they stay that way. I just can't stand anything close round my wrists."

"Just like my brother-in-law," said Lady Docker. "He doesn't show his cuffs either."



HORNER

She fingered the material of her gown. "It is satin and hand made and very expensive—and all for you."

Horner said: "I don't think I like you. But I get on with your husband much better. I can talk with Sir Bernard..." Lady Docker: "All right—we'll make it up when we dance. If you can dance, that is."

"There's no music," I said.

### No words

THE dinner table talk split into two groups. It was hardly a meeting of the minds between Lady Docker and Arthur Horner.

To me Lady Docker talked about television. "They want me for commercial TV," she said. "But I couldn't work on a Sunday. I must rest on Sunday—I have such a heavy week. Answering letters and entertaining for my husband's business and talking on the phone."

"I don't mind publicity, because it is good for business. But I don't want to be like those other ladies on TV who do it just for the money... and the fame."

Lady Docker had no words for Arthur Horner. The two were silent, and at the other end of the table Sir Bernard was saying to Vivienne Knight: "You know, my dealings with these labour fellows, trade union leaders, are very amicable. I have no trouble at all. But I think Mr Horner may have come with a preconceived idea of my wife this evening. Norah is really a very gentle girl."

Miss Knight said: "Gentle, of course. So are labour leaders. But conversation doesn't seem to be a very lively thing between them..."

### High finance

HORNER said: "My union has generous funds which we invest at a good rate of interest. Something like £1,000,000 a month to invest. Some of it gets a 10 percent return. Some 2½ percent. Average is 5 percent."

"There is a man in my office who writes a cheque for millions one minute and a cheque for 1s. 6d. the next." Sir Bernard nodded in sympathy.

"Have you a man like that?" I asked.

"Not quite like that," said Sir Bernard. "Although our figures are pretty high too." (The capital of his master company, Birmingham Small Arms, is some £20,500,000.)

Lady Docker swung round to Arthur Horner again. "You're the man I'm supposed to be dealing with," she said. "Now why are you always striking and upsetting business?"

Horner broke off his talk of high finance and investment. "We're in business too," he said. "Our business is selling labour. Like any other business, we want to get the best price for it. So we get a good price for it when other people need it most."

### I expect...

LADY DOCKER stood up, glaring at Horner and holding her fur in her hand. "Will somebody take care of this?" she said.

I reached for it and was forestalled by a waiter doing a four-minute-mile sprint from the other side of the room.

Lady Docker handed her fur to the man and said to Horner: "That's what I expect when I buy service."

Into the restaurant and waves to people we knew. Sir Michael Balcon and his wife at one table. Sir Hartley and Lady Shaverston at another. Walters started serving the first course. Melon in champagne, specially prepared. White wine to drink. Lady Docker, sitting next to Arthur Horner, wanted another dry martini. It was brought.

Then: "I want caviar," she said. "I always have caviar."

# Sefton Delmer goes to Spain

—And reports what happens when bulldozers meet mañana

THE bootblack gave my shoes a final flick with his polishing cloth. Then he looked up at me with a shrewd, quizzing glance. "Usted Americano?" ("You American?") he inquired.

I could have hugged him like a long-lost brother. Exactly 18 years before in this same Puerta Del Sol square of Madrid, with the shells of Franco's siege guns falling only a couple of corners away from us, another Madrid bootblack had looked up at me with exactly the same gesture and asked: "Usted Ruso?" ("You Russian?")

In December 1936 every foreigner in Madrid was a fugitive to the bootblacks of this Puerta Del Sol. Today, by the same simple peasant reasoning, they are all Americans.

Not that the thousand-odd military and economic missionaries from the U.S. have yet had anything like the revolutionising impact on Madrid which the well-hidden handful of Soviet staff officers, secret police experts, airmen, and political commissars had 18 years ago.

To be sure, apartment rents have rocketed up into the stratosphere. One newly arrived diplomat friend of mine is having to pay £1,400 a year for a quite modest apartment. Two years ago before the signing of the Spanish-American agreement, it could have been had for £400 a year.

But if we can believe the threats of the boldest among the American world-be reformers, and the gloomy forebodings of Spanish diehard traditionalists, really earthshaking changes are on the way.

### No parties!

THE four-hour midday break, during which the Spaniard retires for a long lunch, a chat and/or a siesta, is to be done away with in favour of a hasty sandwich and a glass of milk Americano style in the office.

Dinner is to be served at seven in the evening instead of at 10 and 11 p.m. as now, so that an utterly un-Spanish early start can be made the next morning.

Midnight parties are to be cut out altogether.

I for one, however, shall not be astonished if it is the American go-getters who are conquered by the "let's do it tomorrow" mind of the land of mañana instead of the other way round.

The bulldozers for instance, are still promising to finish the staircases "some day soon" in the wing of the big new Air Ministry building, in which the emissaries of the Pentagon and their Spanish assistants are housed in Madrid.

### No hurry...

I DROVE out to Torrijos, one of the two American air bases which are to be usable for emergency duties in 18 months' time. Theoretically work is already busily in progress here.

Certainly I could see a lot of bulldozers, cranes, and other useful-looking gear lined up. No one, however, was making the slightest move to use them. To my admittedly inept eyes it looked as though the 13,400ft. concrete runway, the radar installations, the barracks, the hangars are still many, many mananas away.

But take cheer. When they are finished they will make the new American base here fit to accommodate an establishment two or three times as large as the existing one.

Torrijos, I was told, is several months ahead of the other American air base already in the process of construction—theoretically—at Zaragoza.

"Waah!" drawled an American indulgently when I asked about this apparent inactivity. "I guess the boys have got to get the approach roads built to the new field first, so that they can bring up the material."

See what I mean?

### No houses

I FEAR the Americans are going to have lots of trouble too with the local population.

Mind you, that's where it is useful having a dictator-run Police State as your landlord. General Franco can be trusted to stop anyone from becoming ostentatious.

Down at Rota, the primitive little whitewashed fishing port opposite Cadiz, I found what are called mixed feelings about its having been chosen as the site for the new American naval supply port, naval air base, and starting-point for the 600-mile pipeline which is to carry oil fuel to all the new airfields and bases up and down Spain.

"It is going to transform the town," said the little black-coated, shallow-faced secretary of the Rota municipality. He was ecstatic. "We shall become a great industrial centre."

But down in the fishermen's cafe they were less enthusiastic. "No fewer than 400 families" (the figure was confirmed to me by the little secretary later) "are being turned out of their

homes." Their houses have to be torn down to make room for the new stuff that is going up.

"They say we are going to have new houses in the interior. But where are they? Where are they to come from?"

A justifiable question in view of the extreme scarcity of houses in Spain.

But I don't think the people of Rota need be as apprehensive as they are that all this is going to take place in the immediate future.

Captain Harris of the U.S. Navy and his fellow experts have only just sent their plans for the base to be approved. The contracts for the work, British dredgers, I am told, may be given some of it—have yet to be awarded. So, frankly, I don't see how they can possibly get started by March, as planned.

One thing, though, has been begun. That is the widening of the great strategic highroad from Cadiz to Seville and up to Madrid. As I drove along it I found working parties everywhere hard at it.

### No crushers

HARD at it, though, in the section I drove over, with picks, shovels, and the old traditional rear of the Spanish roadmen. Not the stone crushers and bulldozers one expects to see on an American high-speed project. "They have been ordered and are on their way, 3,000,000 dollars' worth," I was told in Madrid.

But I must not overdo this criticism of our bustling Allies for being a bit behind schedule. And perhaps a bit ahead of what's practicable. This is a super-colossal task they have taken on here. What they are trying to do is nothing less than to convert Spain in two or three years from a delightfully 18th century peasant State into one of those dreary, bustling, modern industrial machines.

What is more, a machine capable of serving as the Mediterranean theatre's No. 1 military bastion and staging-point in the event of Germany and France and Turkey and the Middle East being overrun in a Soviet hot-war offensive.

What they have achieved already merely in planning the allocation of funds and contracts is to me immensely impressive.

And all the time at this stage of the planning the accent most realistically is on the southern half of Spain—increasing evidence of Pentagon estimates that Germany and France might be overrun at the beginning of a war and this would be the best base left.

U.S. instructors are hard at work training the army and air forces in the use of modern tanks (M4's and M3's) and the new jet aircraft God all the

### THE G.I. CAUDILLO

(... This G.I. ain't slimming)

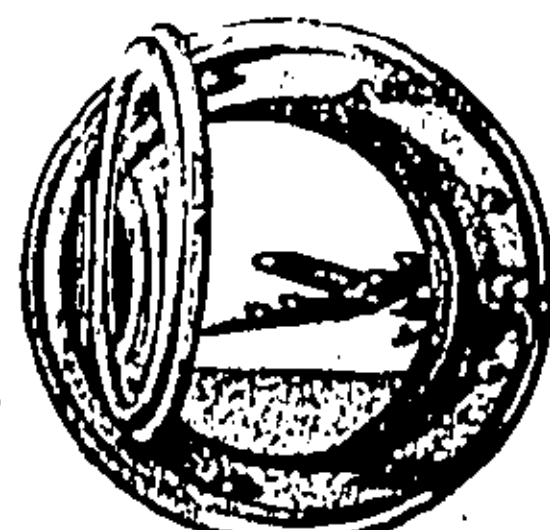
by Cummings



other equipment which is being supplied by America to Spain. Yes, I have only one real misgiving about all this. That is that the British naval, military, and air force authorities in Gibraltar, who have a considerable interest in what is being planned for Spain, have not been put in the picture.

Does this stem from American anxiety not to tread on the over-sensitive toes of Franco?

Are they doing enough to exercise their own influence over this new recruit and make him fit politically into the Atlantic Club? If they don't, these bases and railroads are going to be pretty expensive.



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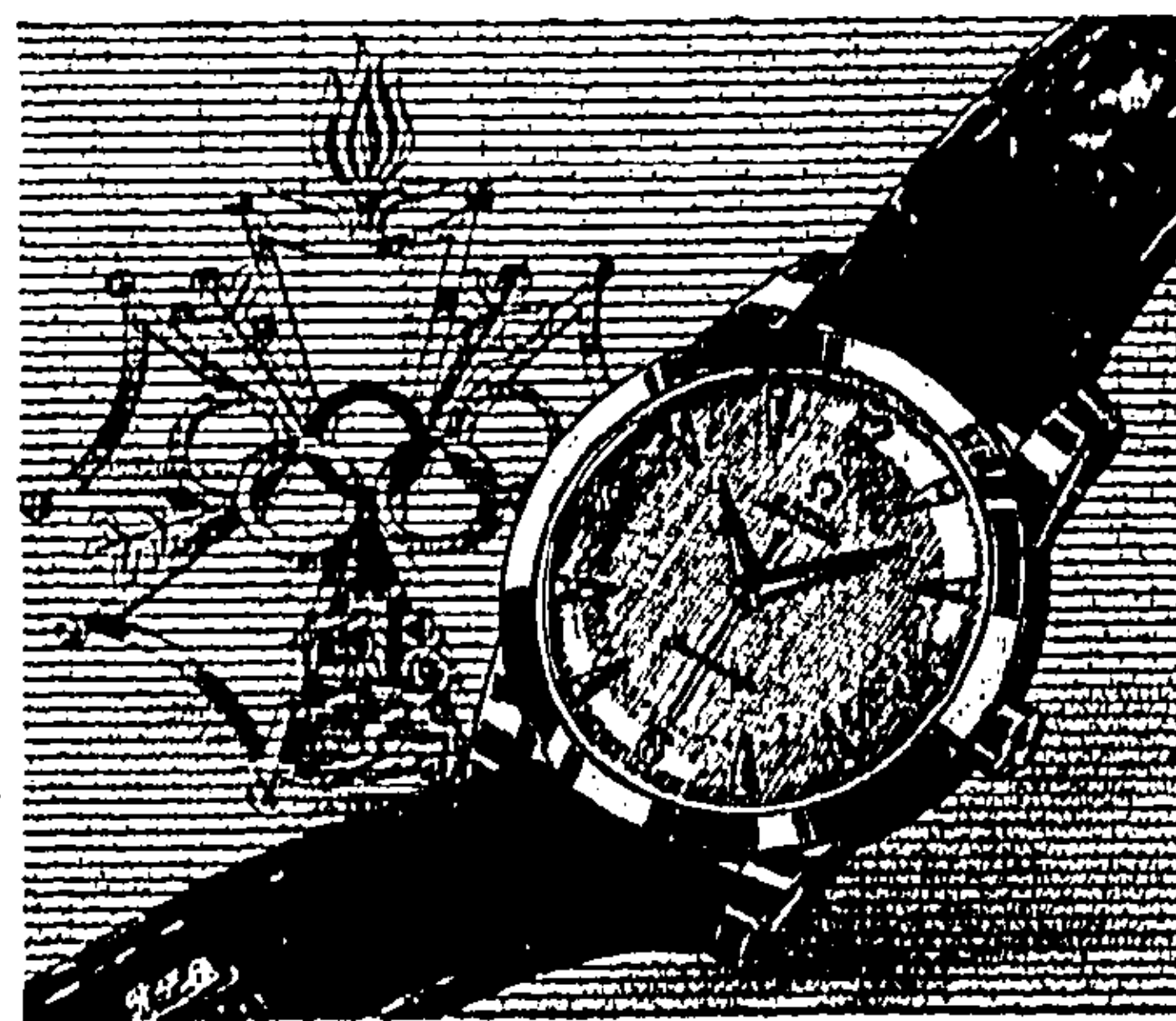
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## NANCY SPAIN looks over the new books, and raises A CHEER FOR ECCENTRICS

I LOVE eccentrics, don't you? . . . And that is why, I think, I have no much enjoyed Helen Worden Erskine's Collection of Hermits and Reducers: OUT OF THIS WORLD (Hodley Head, 15s.).

Helen Erskine has made a study of hermits.

Wherever she sees a house with drawn blinds, barred doors, backyards littered with rubble, and holes where doorbells should be, she says: "I know a hermit is apt to prowling with."

She it was who "discovered" the Collyer brothers. You remember them? The two strange, wealthy old men who allowed their house to decay round them, who filled it with newspapers, grand pianos, and booty traps, who repelled income tax collectors and gas meter readers?

They were eventually both found dead among the ruins of their strange life. And a talented novelist, Marcia Davenport, fabricated a fine piece of fiction around them. But Mrs Erskine knows the truth.

The truth is that the father of the Collyer boys was a doctor Herman C. Collyer, who eventually married his first cousin Susie Gage. He separated from her and left her to bring up the boys.

Susie was talented, "long-limbed, with flashing black eyes and a cloud of blue-black hair." When her husband left her she made all occasions for the family, when she died the boys were hopelessly out of touch with reality.

### They floundered

Certainly the Collyers were nothing like as mad as the neighbours made out. The Collyers lived on peanut butter. When their clothes fell to pieces they dressed in dressing-gowns, several pairs of quincees, socks, or anything else that was handy.

Yet Homer was a Master of Arts, Literature, and Law. Langley could most efficiently tune a piano. So why on earth did they disintegrate in this terrible way?

Well, Mrs Erskine says their mother lived with their father before marriage. This led to

complete social ostracism. This made their mother unusually possessive. This, in turn, unbalanced the boys emotionally.

So when mum died they found themselves floundering in a world where they had never made any friends, did not know what a cheque was, and certainly never answered the front door bell.

And apart from their lack of personal daintiness I must say I rather agree with Mrs Erskine. There is something to be said for hermits.

### Evil ignorance

OWING to my inbred feminine prejudices against the word Russia, I very nearly missed reading Rene MacColl's excellent JUST BACK FROM RUSSIA—77 DAYS INSIDE THE SOVIET UNION (Daily Express publication, 10s. 6d.).

Alas, the Russian opinion of us and our behaviour in the late war is still conditioned by posters showing "silly, unwell, and cowardly" Uncle Sam, and a cowardly, frightened France.

But aren't we just as bad about Russia? Aren't we equally in danger of the power of evil ignorance?

That is why MacColl's book is so important. His account of the other side of the Curtain is warm, readable, friendly.

He shows the Russians as they really are, human beings struggling with things like bringing up their children, buying a new winter overcoat, what shall we have for dinner? (Oddly enough there are race meetings in Russia.)

In fact only one thing deters me about Russia. According to MacColl, that is his description of Russian women.

They have severe faces. Their eyes are hard, their mouths set, "I would as soon," says MacColl, "think of trying to kiss a thistle."

### They gay old times

THE Victorian Age bred eccentrics too. Mr MacColl's Uncle John is a beauty. You will find him in

BACK NUMBERS (Hutchinson, 21s.), a wistful exercise in autobiography that looks back to the gay old times.

Mr Pope's Uncle John was terribly particular about his linen. No local laundry would do for his shirts, so every week they went up to a City laundry in the train with Uncle John.

One day, in the rush hour, the bag burst open. Shirts, collars, underlinen entwined themselves round the legs of hurrying City Gents. Uncle John walked on, head in air. Jolly good luck to him.

Jolly good luck to the Victorian days when a mere pillbox was a lover's meeting place stuffed to the brim with picture postcards of Vesta Tilley and Gertrude Millar.

Nowadays, says Mr Pope, with tolerant sneering they are far more likely to be full of football pool entries.

### Bright . . . sinister

AND then I was faced with a couple of "funnies" . . . Ah, reader dear, have you ever heard of Mr Charles Addams? He is a master of the macabre, who draws superbly horrible cartoons for the New Yorker magazine.

Well, he has added a bright, new, sinister volume to my collection of his works, HOME BODIES (Hamish Hamilton, 10s.), which contains, among other goodies, a picture of a respectable lady with two heads, sitting calmly in a cinema. Behind her a little man is dodging. "Everything happens to me," he says.

Be careful, reader, when you read this book. Even if it is not midnight or the full moon I will guarantee it will send up your temperature three points.

### Advice that cures

NEVER SAY DIET, by Corey Ford (W. H. Allen, 6s.) is for all those maniacs who make you dine off a dandelion leaf and eat orange skin.

"All you have to do is to avoid certain things which are fattening," such as food," says Mr Ford.

And curiously enough this strange advice has completely cured me.

## PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

DOGIE There is a new Hollywood dude ranch which features, for 10s. a day, a swimming pool, meals, private patios and rooms. The clientele dogs.

This kennel ranch, known as Double-E, also has a cement square where celebrated dogs leave their footprints.

A sign by the swimming pool warns: Not to be contaminated by humans.

Dog owners who may worry about their holidaying pets are sent letters informing them that their dogs are "having a wonderful time."

The letters are written by Mrs Edith Kienast, who, with her retired contractor husband, runs the ranch.

Today the ranch has private "rooms" in low, wooden stalls bordered by rose gardens for 50 dogs.

Besides a room with a covered bed, each dog has his own patio covered with striped awning, and 40ft. exercise pen.

There has been a decrease of Vitamin A and C in America's daily foods since 1945—says the Department's report. Last year the depression level of 1932 was reached.

These deficiencies were attributed to the fact that Americans are eating fewer fresh vegetables, especially from home gardens.

Calcium, the bone and tooth-building chemical, is also diminishing noticeably in American diets, partly because less milk is being drunk.

So the mayor ruled: "The special type dumbbells will be hired from the borough council at a cost of 18s. francs."

"There will be placed outside your house on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings with the handle pointing towards the road. Rubbish in other containers will not be collected."

All this made the people of Ganshoren pretty wild.

"Dictator!" cried Socialist and Liberal members in Ganshoren's Catholic-dominated borough council.

And they even quoted the United Nations Bill of Human Rights and said: "It is obvious that any man in a free community has the right to use the sort of dustbin he chooses."

With it vanished a 14th-century Bible. Together they are worth £750.

Police said the thief must have hidden himself in the library one night before it closed.

The manuscripts, the only two held by the library, were locked on the upper gallery. This lock was forced and the thief let himself out of the building by forcing the sash of the lock out of the main door.

"Roman de la Rose" was written in Norman French by Guillaume de Lorris, a clerk, and Jean de Meun. The latter started it as a love philosophy of the troubadours, and de Meun added a satire exposing the vices of women.

It was presented to the library in 1894. Written on vellum with gilt miniatures, it is bound in brown calf.

"FIND ME A WIFE" An alarm letter addressed to the Mayor of Ay, Provost Adam, asks for assistance in selecting a Scottish wife for a man in Southwest Africa.

The writer says he is 54, six-foot two inches in height, slim, very fit and with grey hair. He was pilot officer during the war and was at Pretoria Airport where he turned a good impression of the lovely girls in the Ay district. He still flies his own aeroplane.

According to his letter he is "a pure European." The girl must be not more than 45 years of age, tall and slim, and able to drive a car. She can be either rich or poor.

ESCAPE Dante Spada does not like being in gaol—so he escaped.

But the police insist that Dante, a 31-year-old acrobat thief, serve his full nine-year sentence.

Dante, nicknamed the "Taizán of the French Riviera," has escaped prison times already. And each time he has been recaptured.

Last time he escaped he hurt his right foot, so the other day Dante was taken to a Naples clinic to have an operation on it.

Police thought he was in such bad shape that they did not bother to guard him.

So he escaped—on crutches. But the police are not worried. Dante, they reckon, can't get far.

STRANGE When Charles Swart, 6ft. 6in. Justice Minister and police boss of South Africa, got to London last week, the first place he visited was "Speaker's Corner" in Hyde Park.

For the man who has made it an offence to campaign against South Africa's race laws, it was a strange kind of gesture—a nostalgic visit to a place where speech is free for everyone.

Here, 30 years ago, Swart mounted a soap box himself in democratic debate. Swart was listening to a speaker attacking South Africa. The speaker offered Swart his box and the tall young man got up and defended his country.

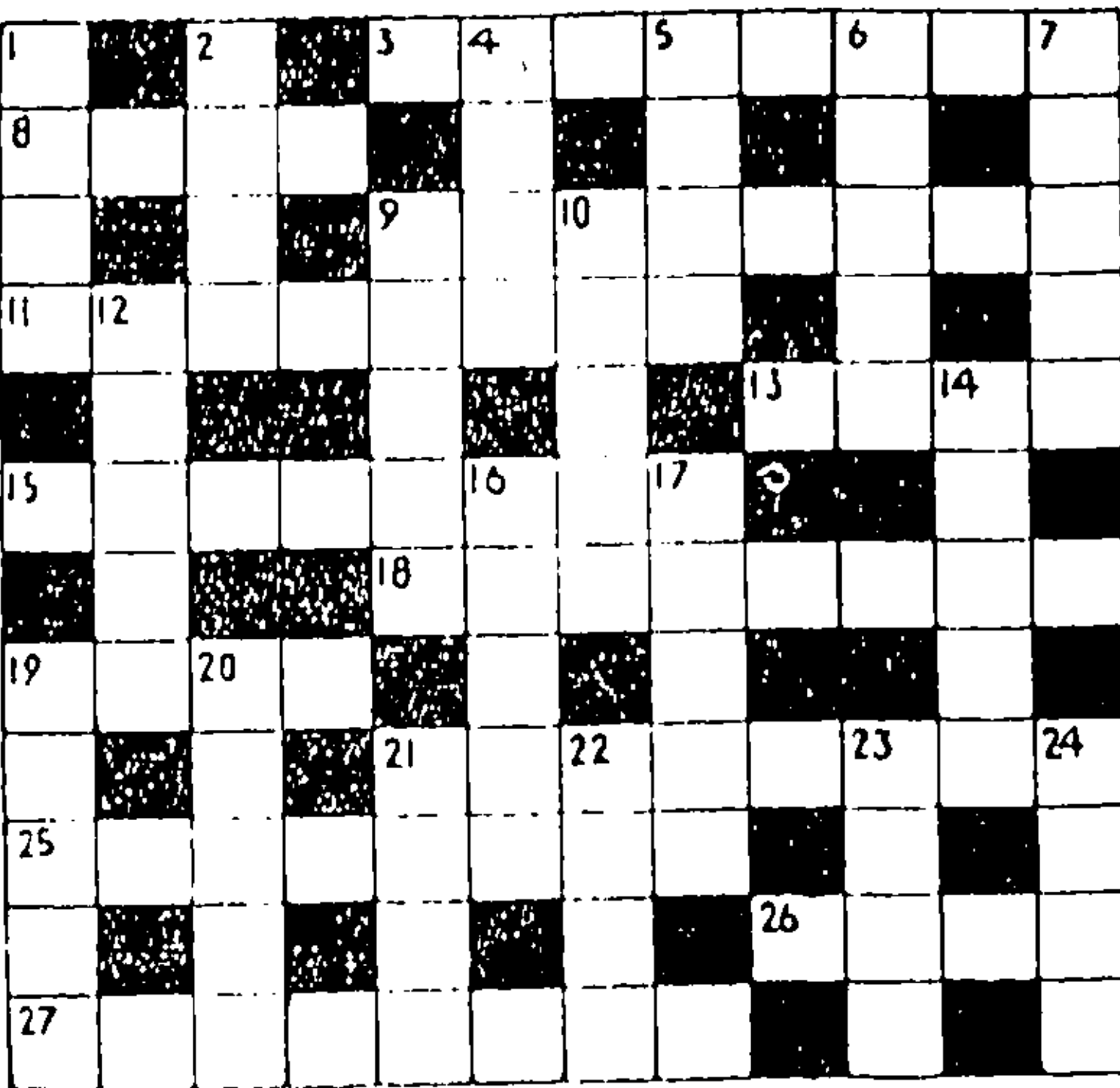
But last week, in the chilly winter evening when 60-year-old Swart and his wife took a stroll through the park, Speaker's Corner was deserted.

And on this visit—to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference—Swart was having much less to say. All the press got was a typewritten statement.

BABY-SITTERS First baby-sitting company in Britain has been launched by a Yorkshire woman, Mrs. Mrs. Winifred Bullock, of 127, Market Street, Leeds, who has become managing director. Mrs. Bullock is 28, and the mother of three young children.

She and 100 other women have been training in baby-sitting service for 12 months. Their aim was to provide a reliable service for families in the field and from surrounding towns.

### A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Introductions (3).  
2 Stuff (4).  
3 Aligned (4).  
4 Ceremony (4).  
5 Cooking fat (4).  
6 Trifle (5).  
7 Move emb-fash-ion (5).  
8 Acute (3).  
9 Debate (5).  
10 Lift (5).  
11 Cattle round-up (5).  
12 Exploit (4).  
13 Command (5).  
14 Sedate (5).  
15 Brown pigment (5).  
16 Public (5).  
17 Market (4).  
18 Exploit (4).  
19 Accurate (4).  
20 Grate (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Mince, 4 Drugs, 7 Debonair, 8 Reign, 9 Science, 11 Language, 13 Dismays, 15 Spread, 18 Cream, 19 Goshawk, 20 Rider, 21 Sister, Down: 1 Moxie, 2 Crown, 3 Sift, 4 Hat, 5 Allude, 6 Sinner, 10 Answered, 12 Assists, 13 Doctor, 14 Armour, 16 Hells, 17 Dream.

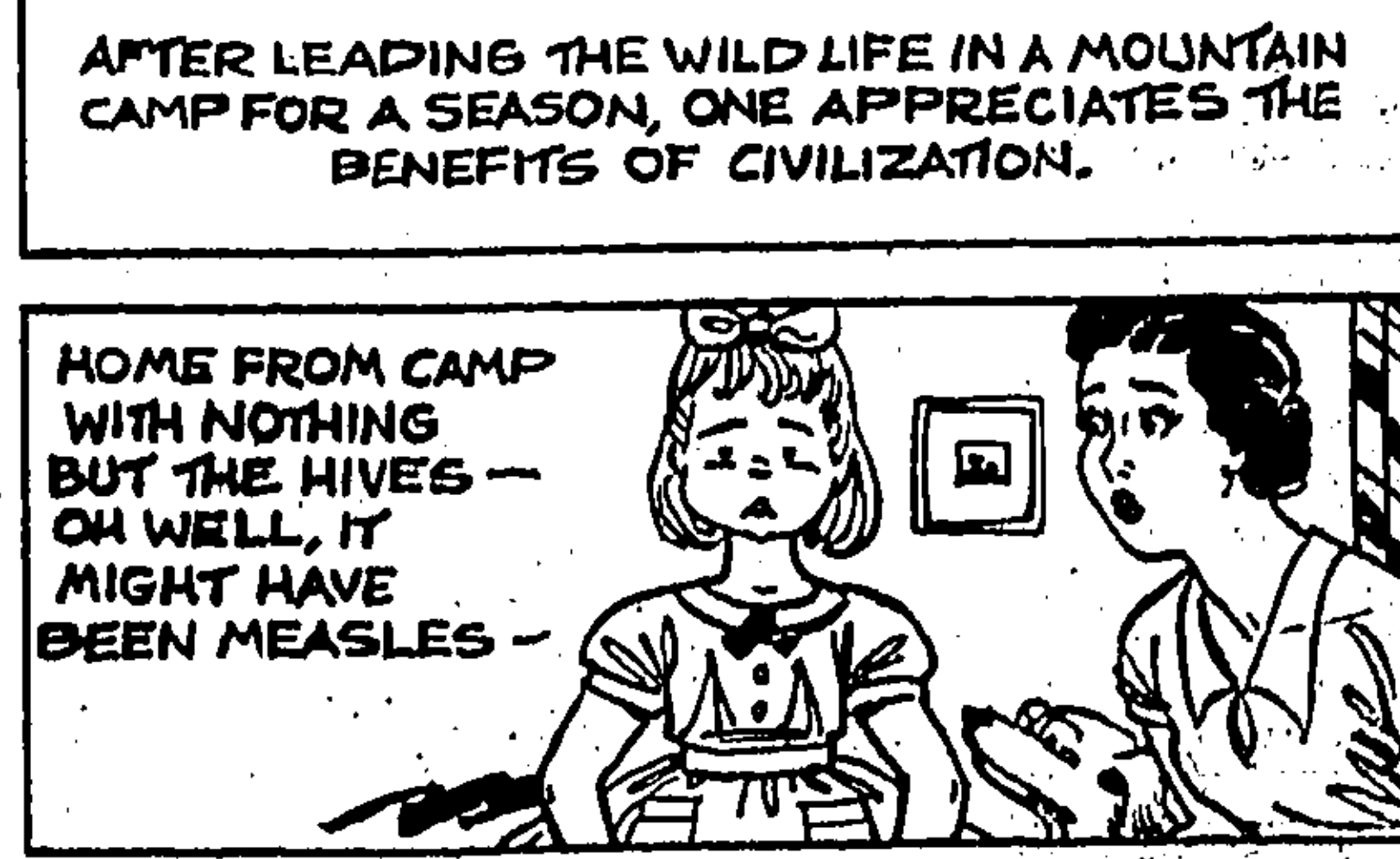
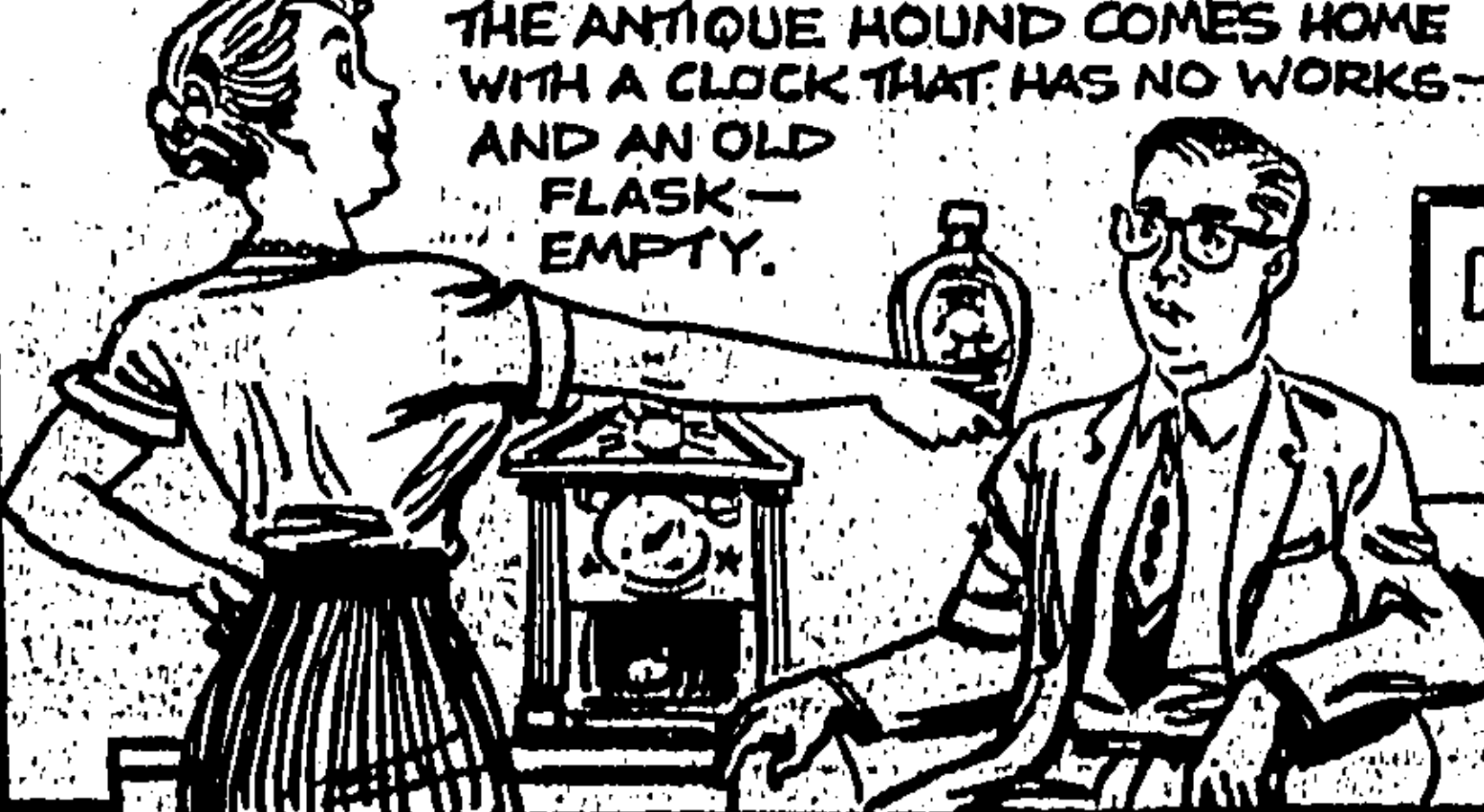
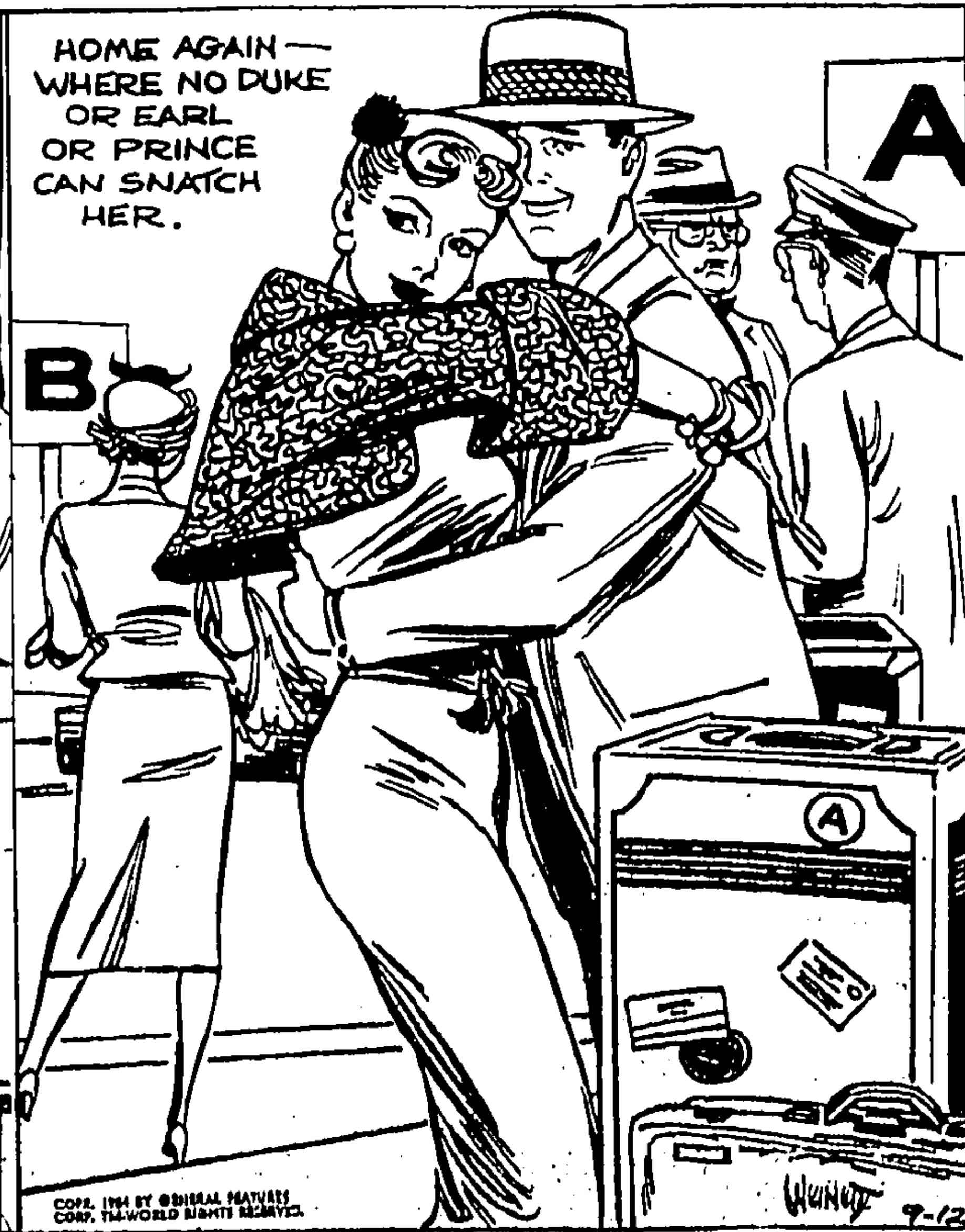
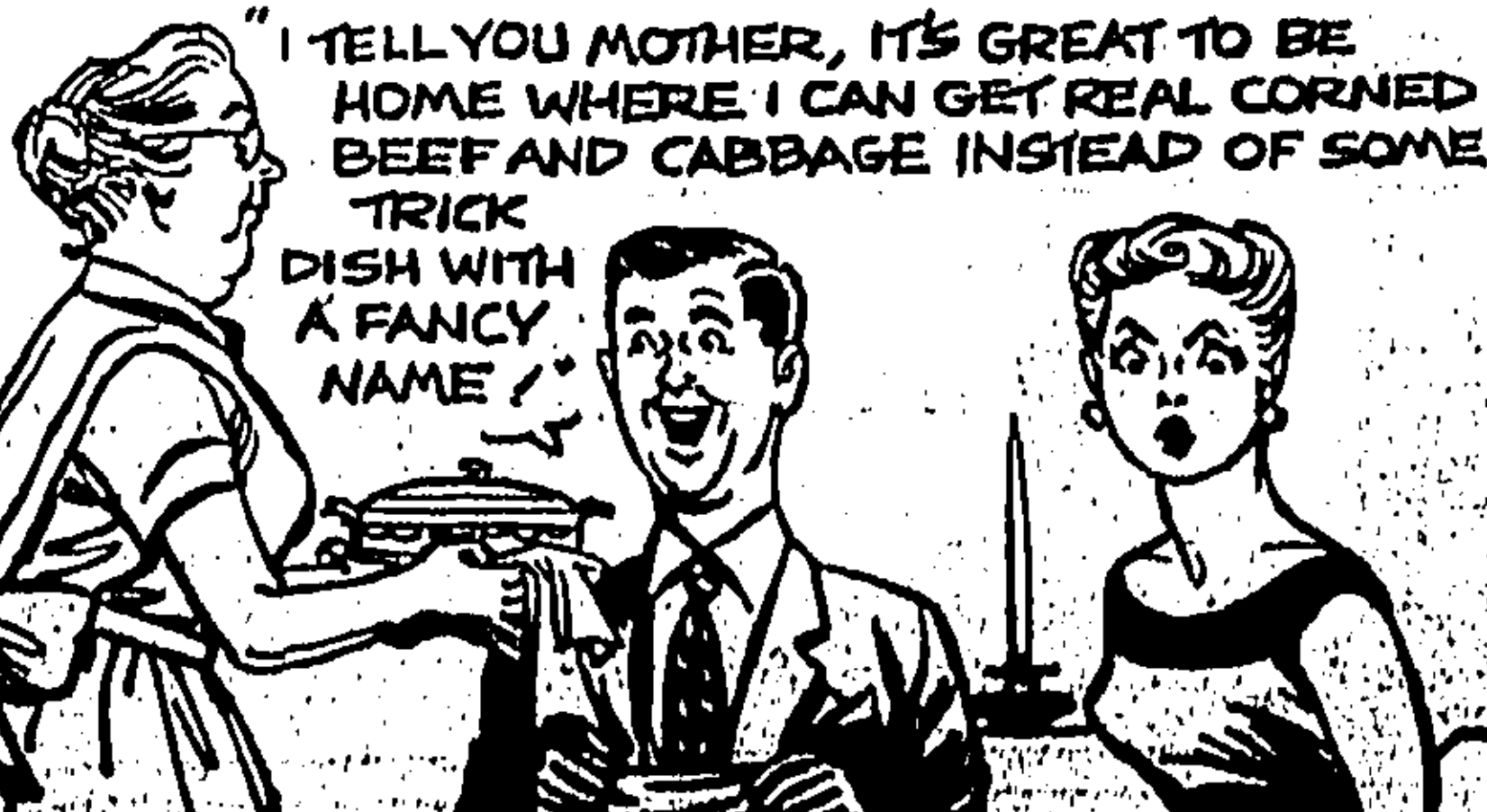
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Back Home Again

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE BIRDS OF PREY GATHER AROUND.



### ESCAPE

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## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

## GRASSHOPPER TECHNIQUE AND TACTICS ARE WORTHY OF SERIOUS STUDY

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

After each series of games against an overseas visiting team it seems to me that all of us who are interested in the game should take time out to ask ourselves a double question. "Did we learn anything from the games played... did the visitors have anything new to show us?"

Such questions asked immediately after the Koge or Aik series would surely have been answered with a confident "No" but I believe that real students of the game will agree that the visit of the Grasshoppers has been a most enlightening one.

The Swiss players showed a quite clearly that the game can be played successfully according to a tactical plan vastly different from the one that is generally employed here, or for that matter in the United Kingdom.

The "unorthodox" defensive system with the rotating centres half was certainly attractive to watch but it is a system that requires great thought, considerable concentration and intelligent interpretation.

The swiftness of the full-backs and wing-halves was to be almost instinctive but, above all, the plan demands a footballing centre-half as opposed to a stopper of the Kogi-Hong type.

From the Grasshopper point of view, the defence was undoubtedly a brilliant footballer. His defence when was safe and reliable but never destructive, and when he went up into the attack he could distribute the ball with accuracy. But like so many of his team-mates his finishing was terribly weak.

This part of the playing plan alone would have made the Grasshopper series worthwhile, but the Swiss carried it one move further by employing the deep centre-forward.

With the centre-half going up, and the centre-forward lying back, there could have been absolute confusion but, so well conceived was the Swiss team plan, it all dovetailed beautifully in fact it was not unusual to see Roger Vanlanthen operating away behind centre-half Fred.

## NEVER SHORT

The proof of the proverbial pudding was in the eating and it has to be conceded that the Grasshoppers were never short of a man in defence, or in attack. Their clever methods set a problem that even experienced players like Yiu Cheuk-yin and Szeto Man were never able to solve.

This was particularly noticeable in the first game when Yiu Cheuk-yin persisted in running right into a defender. I believe that a most significant tribute was paid to you in the Hongkong Football Club after the second game.

Well played, Grasshoppers... I believe that a most significant tribute was paid to you in the Hongkong Football Club after the second game.

A well-known local personality overheard comments about the number of technical fouls awarded against you, remarked "...maybe so, but in not one instance was there a trace

## NOTICE

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 7th Race Meeting 1954/55 to be held on Saturday 12th and Saturday 19th February, 1955, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 1st February, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. MISA,  
Secretary.

## HAIR-RAISING



Hazel Ryan, 14, of Epsom, shown at practice at the Wimbledon Club in London for the All-England junior badminton championships.—Central Press Photo.

## WEEK-END SOFTBALL

## Pandas Meet U.S. Navy In Tomorrow's Main Attraction

A fully scheduled week-end is awaiting softball lovers. The main attraction of the week will be the hard-hitting Pandas' clash with a new U.S. Navy team and the main additional interest will be the fighting Warriors challenging the strong Chinese Athletics on Sunday in the Senior "A" League competition. The only Senior "B" Division game will see the Pandas Bees tangling with the Americans for the third and last time.

In the Junior loop, unbeaten Blackhawks Jr. will meet the tough P. I. Dodgers and hardy Comets will battle the sturdy Pandas Jr. The young CAA team and South China will compete with Seventeeners and Lynxes respectively.

In the feminine tournaments, Wahooes Aces and Bees and South China Ladies will cross bats with Pandarettes, Colleen Bees and CAA Ladies.

Pandas Aces are now in a hot Pennant race with St. Joseph's but they have a long and hard way and many stumbling blocks confronting them. Aside from this unknown foe, USS Lenawee, playing tomorrow, they still have to battle the mighty Saints, hard-hitting Braves and the sturdy Chinese Athletics, while their rivals the Pandas, have only Pandas and will tackle KMB with plenty of confidence. The airman have displayed a lot of good form recently and the players have shown that they are willing to fight back when things are not going too well.

The outcome of the Saints-Soldiers meeting is as uncertain now as when the game was first played. Both sides have had positional changes and it may well be that this game will eventually go to the side that gets the vital opening goal.

After their fine win over St. Joseph's the Royal Air Force will tackle KMB with plenty of confidence. The airman have displayed a lot of good form recently and the players have shown that they are willing to fight back when things are not going too well.

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## LEAGUE CRICKET

## Army North Face The Unpredictable Scorpions At Sookunpoo Today

By "GOOGLY"

Army North, last week's conquerors of League leaders Army South and challenging strongly for top spot in the First Division Cricket table, face the unpredictable Hongkong Cricket Club Scorpions at Sookunpoo today in one of the main games of the week-end. Army South clash with the other Cricket Club XI, the Optimists, at Chater Road.

The Army North-Scorpions game is almost certain to be a battle of the bowlers. The North have on recent occasions been extremely well served by their pacemen, Young and Lipscombe, who last week routed Army South, recognised as one of the most powerful batting sides in the League.

Scorpions have also been well supported by their two opening batsmen, Spink and Pritchard, and should either of these two seam bowlers strike a patch, then Army North are going to have to fight all the way for runs.

Much will depend on Russell and Howard-Dobson to get their bats going to give the soldiers a good start as the batsmen from Chater Road are also capable of mustering a big score. This game should be very even and a narrow victory for the home side is very likely.

Army South will be out to redeem themselves from the setback they received from their clubmates last week. The soldiers cannot afford to drop any more points if they are going to retain their League standing.

Optimists will depend much on their attacking strength in Spink, Pritchard and Hubble to prevent the soldiers from amassing a huge score. But I still fancy the soldiers for a win.

RAF will be at home to Police and should not take things too lightly as the guardians of law are still fresh from their victory over the much fancied Kowloon Cricket Club last week. If Police keep up the form shown in the past week they should repeat their success. A draw is more likely from the outcome of the game.

Recroto will be going up to Pokfulam to meet the Under-graduates and should whitewash them. The Portuguese boys should register another four points to their credit.

Craigswater Cricket Club will be guests to Navy at King's Park, CCC should collect maximum points at the expense of the sailors.

## SECOND DIVISION

The giant-killing KGV, after defeating two top teams in the Junior Division will take on IRC "A" at Sookunpoo. The question is will they make it three in a row?

That will have to depend on the Indians. The schoolboys have a difficult task to complete their "hat-trick". But a close game should be seen and I believe the Indians have a slight edge over KGV.

Kowloon Cricket Club will be at home to IRC "B" and a good game is expected. The Indians have shown great improvement in their last few matches and can provide an upset if the Kowloonites are not careful.

so soon as, with them, Wahooes 'A' would have been certain to regain the Senior Championship this year. We sincerely wish them the very best of luck and Bon Voyage.

WEEK-END SCHEDULE  
The complete programme for the week-end is as follows:

Today  
2.00 p.m.: (A) CAA Jr. vs. Seventeeners; (B) Comets vs. Pandas Jr.  
3.30 p.m.: (A) South China Ladies vs. CAA Ladies; (B) Blackhawks 'B' vs. P.I. Dodgers.

Tomorrow  
10.00 a.m.: (A) Colleen 'B' vs. Wahooes 'B'; (B) SCAA Jr. vs. Lynxes.  
11.30 a.m.: (A) CAA vs. Warriors.  
2.00 p.m.: (A) U.S. Navy vs. Pandas.  
3.30 p.m.: (A) Pandas 'B' vs. Americans; (B) Wahooes 'A' vs. Pandas Ladies.

INTER-SCHOOL  
The Inter-School Softball League sponsored by the Hongkong School Sports Association will commence on February 2, 1955 at 3 p.m. at the Hongkong Softball Association's ground at King's Park, Kowloon as declared by the Convenor, Brother Edward.

This year, there are only four school teams competing, namely La Salle College, King's College, King George V School and St. Martin's College, the last being the Champion team last year. St. Joseph's College, who had two teams last year, and Queen's College have not entered.

Pui Ching Middle School applied for admittance to the League but due to the fact that they are not members of the H.K. School Sports Association the application was refused. The complete schedule of the Inter-School League is as follows:

February 2  
3 p.m.: La Salle vs. King's.  
4.30 p.m.: King George V vs. St. Martin's.  
February 3  
3 p.m.: St. Martin's vs. La Salle.  
4.30 p.m.: King's vs. King George V.  
February 16  
3 p.m.: King's vs. St. Martin's.  
4.30 p.m.: King George V vs. La Salle.  
March 2  
3 p.m.: La Salle vs. St. Martin's.  
4.30 p.m.: King George V vs. King's.  
March 8  
3 p.m.: St. Martin's vs. King's.  
4.30 p.m.: La Salle vs. King George V.  
March 15  
3 p.m.: King's vs. La Salle.  
4.30 p.m.: St. Martin's vs. King George V.

## You Can't Keep Wilf Mannion Out Of The News

One way or another, you just cannot keep Soccer's "Golden Boy" out of the news.

A former schoolboy international, he was hailed as the greatest young player since Cliff Bastin; reported missing while serving France with the Green Howards in 1940; returned to Soccer to scheme England victories.

Mannion is a man of decided views.

In 1948 he staged a one-man protest strike against the "Soccer slave system." It led to a debate in the House of Commons. He left football and tried his hand in the arts of salesmanship.

He has found time to break his jaw playing for England, turn down an attractive offer from Bogota; get himself dropped from the Middlesex team and sent home from Cardiff for a breach of discipline. Yes, Wilf Mannion is quite a boy!

He is in the news again because of a newspaper article. Mannion did some pretty straight talking about British Soccer.

"I would be a wealthy man today," he wrote, "if I had listened to even two or three of the black market propositions put to me during my 18 years as a professional player."

One offer alone could have put him in a clever, "he revealed." The club concerned were prepared to pay what would have been a record transfer fee—some £25,000, to say nothing of £25,000 in ready cash for Mannion the moment he signed.

In addition he would have had a cool £25 a week as a salesman of something or other.

These journalistic efforts came at a time when he was "retired" from the game. But Wilf ("I'll never return") is now playing for Hull City.

The Football League are anxious to know more about the alleged offers of illegal payment. At the same time, the Football Association are pondering over rule 43. This says that players taking part in football betting shall be permanently suspended.

Both the League Management and the FA Registration Committee have met. The result? "No statement yet," say both bodies.

To think this highly controversial footballer originally wanted to be a sales agent was just another member of an Army of salesmen.

## POP





# SOCCER ON THE INSIDE

Edited By SAM LEITCH

From now on only home-born footballers will be selected by the FA for representative England outings. This new soccer trend means the exclusion of Charlton's talented Springboks, Stuart Leary and Eddie Firmani.

Leary led Young England in Bologna a year ago. He is still only 21. Last week he joined the RAF - a stateless footballer. For South Africa are very unlikely ever to put out an international side.

Leary has just completed his RAF course. If the RAF was not exempted from the FA for the 23rd match against Italy.

Latest South Africa to join a League club. The 19-year-old centre-forward, Reg Miller, who had his 14th cap for England, was signed by Watford.

Reg signed for the top Springbok club, Aradina, when he was nine years old. He made his League debut at 15.

He scored 24 goals last season and can play on either wing. Watford have guaranteed him his place in the team when he arrives in England.

**STILL SEARCHING**

West Ham manager Ted Fenton, twice unlucky with centre-forward bids for Cliff Holton of Arsenal and Les Duquemin of Spurs, may now be looking for a 20-year-old Ewe Doyle, Edinburgh-born. He has been playing for Celtic, and has scored 10 goals in 10 games. Fenton is looking for a forward who can play on either wing.

And West Ham have taken in Scotland in their search for a forward. Fenton has phoned the manager of the club, Dundee, asking if he can name them a forward who can play on either wing.

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Remember Cameron Buchanan, the 13-year-old Scot who signed for Wolves in 1942? This slick piece of soccer cradled in the arms of the Wolves boss, Major Buckle, caused the FA to start an inquiry and finally to ban him. Nothing wrong but we don't like this sort of thing.

Well, Cameron has a record of 28 goals in 100 games for the Wolves. He has been playing for the Wolves since 1942. He has been playing for the Wolves since 1942. He has been playing for the Wolves since 1942.

Now several clubs, including Major Buckle's Wolves, would like this growing-up boy wonder.

**GUESS WHO**

Jersey FA have invited Portsmouth to arrange an end-of-season match with a team "good enough to provide an exhibition of first-class football."

Guess who Pompey have selected? Bristol Rovers, the team that knocked them out of the Cup.

Young England goalkeeper against Italy, Reg Matthews, is the first Coventry-born professional footballer ever to be capped, and all because he takes after his Mum.

Eighteen-year-old Matthews was the son of the Coventry manager, Billy Firth, who has been playing for the Coventry since 1938. He has been playing for the Coventry since 1938. He has been playing for the Coventry since 1938.

Then manager Firth called on Reg's parents. He found his father small, but he noted they were bigger on his mother's side.

Firth gambled and signed Reg. Billy is glad of that, because of the cap, and Reg being only one inch off.

**DAY OF DAYS LOOMS**

Day of days looms for 15-year-old Allick Jeffrey, Doncaster. He is a young inside forward, backed as a boy wonder. Allick has been playing for the Doncaster since 1942. He has been playing for the Doncaster since 1942. He has been playing for the Doncaster since 1942.

But on January 29 Allick will be 16. And if he can get him out of the FA Youth League, he will be a first-class player.

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## THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

# RAF COULD UPSET THE ARMY IN TODAY'S ONLY PENTANGULAR FIXTURE

Says "PAK LO"

This afternoon the second round of the Pentangular Tournament starts, with the Army now very definitely the favourites for the title this season.

Originally there were three games scheduled for this afternoon — The Army versus the RAF, the Police versus the Navy and the Club versus the Gunners in a "friendly".

However, due to the fact that the Police are today holding their Annual Sports Day, they have arranged for their game with the Navy to be played off at a later date during next week.

The Club versus Gunners game, has, therefore, been switched to the Kai Tak ground in place of the Navy-Police fixture, and will begin at 3.00 p.m. This will be followed by the Army and RAF game at 4.15 p.m.

For those who find the distance too far to travel, the Club's "B" is taking on strong opposition in a Combined RASC-REME XV on the Racecourse ground at Happy Valley at 3.00 p.m., and this game should be worth a visit.

Before discussing this afternoon's matches there are one or two points to be brought to your notice. Firstly there has been a change in the fixture list as printed.

The games arranged for the February 5 and 26 will for various reasons be switched around, but will still be played on the grounds advertised, i.e. the fixtures for February 5 should now read: Navy v. RAF, 3.00 p.m. and Army v. Club, 4.15 p.m. at the Club ground, whilst the fixtures for February 26 should be altered to read: Police v. RAF, 3.00 p.m. Club v. Navy, 4.15 p.m. at Soekunpo.

Secondly, in the Land Forces Inter-Unit Knockout Competition quarter-finals, 1st King's Own knocked out RASC by 31 points to 8. 1st King's Own will therefore find themselves against the probable winners, 27th Lt. Bly (Far East Force) in the semi-finals.

**SPATE OF INJURIES**

In the only Pentangular game this afternoon both teams have made a few changes, due to injuries to their regular players. In fact, of late there has been a spate of injuries possibly due to excessive hardness of the grounds.

The Army have brought in Kirtelson to the centre three position, with Harrison, a newcomer, outside him on the wing. The other change is Russell in place of Parkinson, another injury, but this is only a temporary change as Parkinson is expected to be fit enough to play next week.

Whether Brentford will be as successful as usual is a moot point as in the Talpan's game without Parkinson in front of him, he seemed to lack the vital spark.

Heracleum has been late maturing and will show much better form next season.

He has not quite got the four sound legs of Alyceid, and a dry season would count against him. But he has done enough to suggest that he could be one of our main stayers against foreign competition in our cup races next season.

—(London Express Service).

In the forwards, Barker takes over the hooking from Reid who shifts out to prop. Barker, who is comparatively new to the Colony, has proved his worth in the last few weeks, and this move should pay dividends.

The second row is completely changed with Cann and Turner. Ferry, the usual player in the second row, is injured and is unable to play for the rest of the season. The Club still needs a good full back, and though Hickson is filling the gap, this is not his usual position and to my mind he never looks happy there.

Barker and Hargroves are now back in the rear row of the pack. The result of this will be a very heavy pack with plenty of "go" and a rather shaky three line behind them.

The game could easily go to either side, but the Club should win narrowly.

The Gunners have a habit, good or bad, depending on which XV you are supporting, of surprising the Club and they could easily do this today. Whatever the result this will be a closely contested game.

**HOW THEY STAND**

For those of you who have forgotten how the Pentangular Table looks here it is:—

	P.W.	D.	L.	F.A.	Pts.
Army	4	4	0	0	57 14 8
RAF	4	2	1	1	32 14 9
Club	4	2	0	2	16 30 4
Navy	4	1	1	2	17 22 3
Police	4	0	0	4	3 45 0

**THE TEAMS**

Club: Hickson, Spencer, Bronnall, Pennant, Kilvert, Clark, Cole, Slack, v. Russell, Rogers, Talano, Kerr, Petrie, Barker, Hargroves.

Gunners: McClean, Cunningham, Endley, Anderson, Cookman, King, Gomersall, Bowman, Kirkman, Cooper, Winnist, Rawson, Fisher, Deacon, Winch.

RAF: Logan, Gammon, Thomas, Dyer, Moore, McGarrity, Taylor, McDonald, Sleeman, Miller, Lamb, Griffiths, Woolf, Brightwell.

Army: Potter, Edwards, Blincoe, Kirtelson, Harrison, Brentford, Russell, Bevan, Thomas, Barker, Reid, Cann, Turner, Thomas, Chisholm, Hill.

In the game at 3.00 p.m. the Gunners are turning out a much weakened side. This is only to be expected when it is realised that ten of their regular players have been co-opted for the Army XV. Despite this, on paper the XV looks quite good, with enough old and tried players to form a dangerous nucleus.

The three line looks fast though possibly a little weak on one wing. The pack is fairly heavy and fast, and should give a good account of itself.

The Club are also very much weakened. Still trying desperately to find a good three line, they have kept Penman in the three and sent Kilvert back from wing forward to join him. Last time Penman played in this position he was not too

## Two To Watch In The Cup Races

By RICHARD BAERLEIN

London.

Last season's three-year-olds were saved from complete mediocrity by the brilliance of Mr R. S. Clark's Never Say Die in the Derby and St Leger, and the victory of Sir Percy Lorraine's Darius in the 2,000 Guineas.

Never Say Die has now retired, and Darius has proved a non-stayer, leaving only horses which were considered 12 lb. or more behind Never Say Die to represent us in the cup races this year.

Equipped with Thunder's (Darius) Heracleum and Blue Prince. It is the more prominent of those who will be competing.

It seemed appeared to have every chance and did in fact make a magnificent start during the season. Though he finished second in the St Leger.

The two likely to play the greatest part in English racing this season are Thunder and Heracleum.

**PLENTY OF SCOPE**

By Thunder's was probably never at his best after his accident at Chester. He has plenty of scope and could make a fine four-year-old.

Heracleum took a long time to find his form. He had his first victory over a mile and a half at Ascot, but it was not until the autumn, when blinkers were used, that he really came into his own.

His half-brother, Alyceid, also showed remarkable improvement when blinkers were applied, though there was nothing in his make up to suggest that he was not a generous runner.

**MISSUS CESAREWICH**

It may be the same with Heracleum, who missed the Cesarewitch to the irritation of one of the leading professional backers, who maintained that he would have won that race comfortably.

The first time Heracleum was blinkered was in a handicap at Newmarket, at the Cesarewitch meeting over one mile and six furlongs. He gave weight and a beating to moderate opposition.

Then in the Liverpool St Leger, again with blinkers, he made all the running to beat Phenomenal and Taw Valley.

**LATE MATURING**

That in itself was not a great performance, but remembering that he was only three to four years, there must always be the probability that

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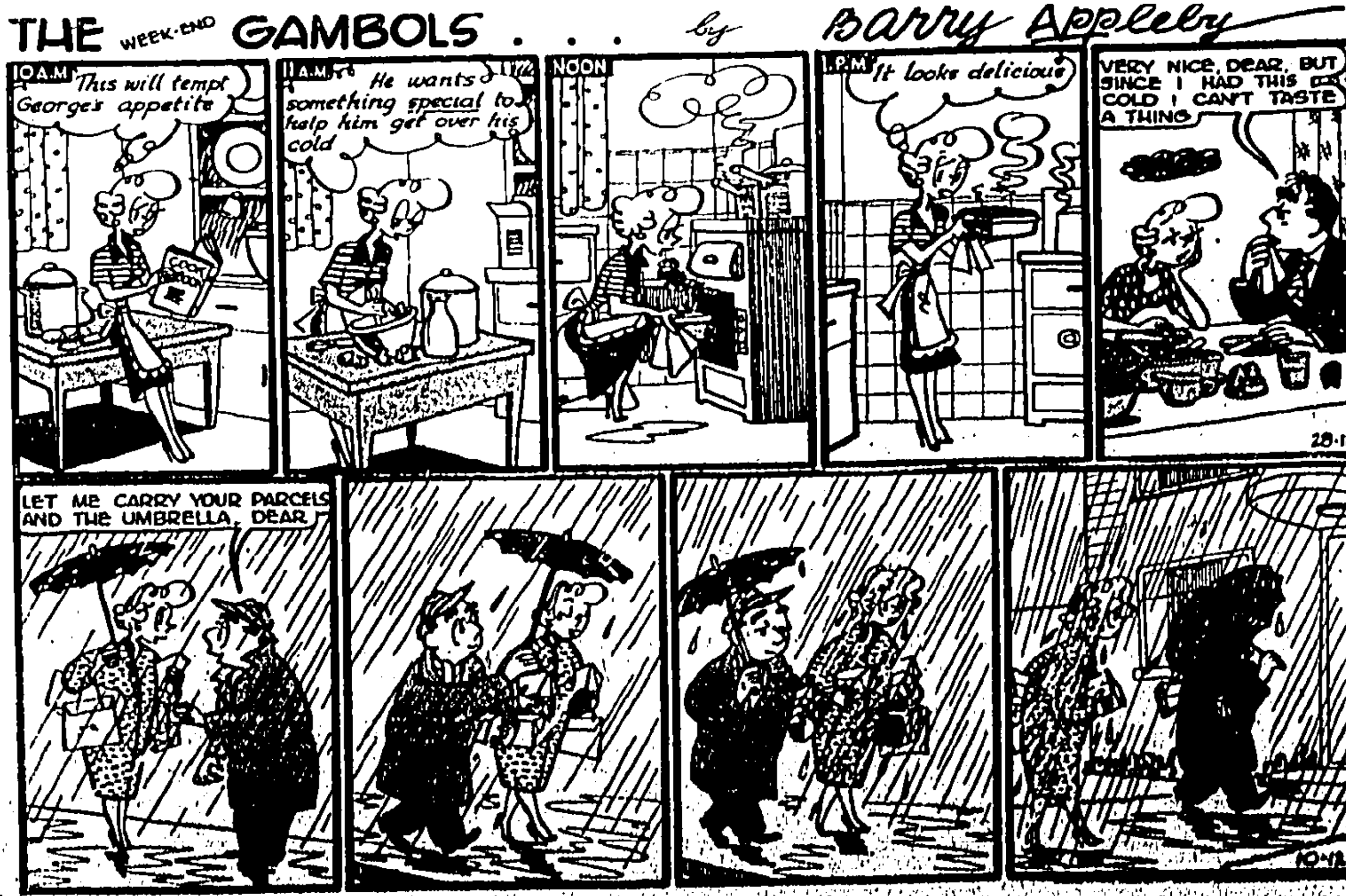
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"CHUSAN"	10th March	16th April

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Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
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"CARTHAGE"	10th February	11th March
"CORFU"	18th February	15th April
"CANTON"	—	2nd May

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## the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

### DISPLAY PAINTED FLOWERS IN MODELLING CLAY VASE

TWO packages of coloured modelling clay and a few minutes' time are all it takes to make a cute little "pottery bowl".

And when you are tired of it, just warm the clay and work it over into another shape.

The bowl in the pictures at the left is three years old and still in perfect condition. So is the "frog" which was also made from the clay and the artesian and painted milkweed pods are still lovely.

Save out a little piece of the clay for the stem-holder or "frog" and make your pottery bowl.

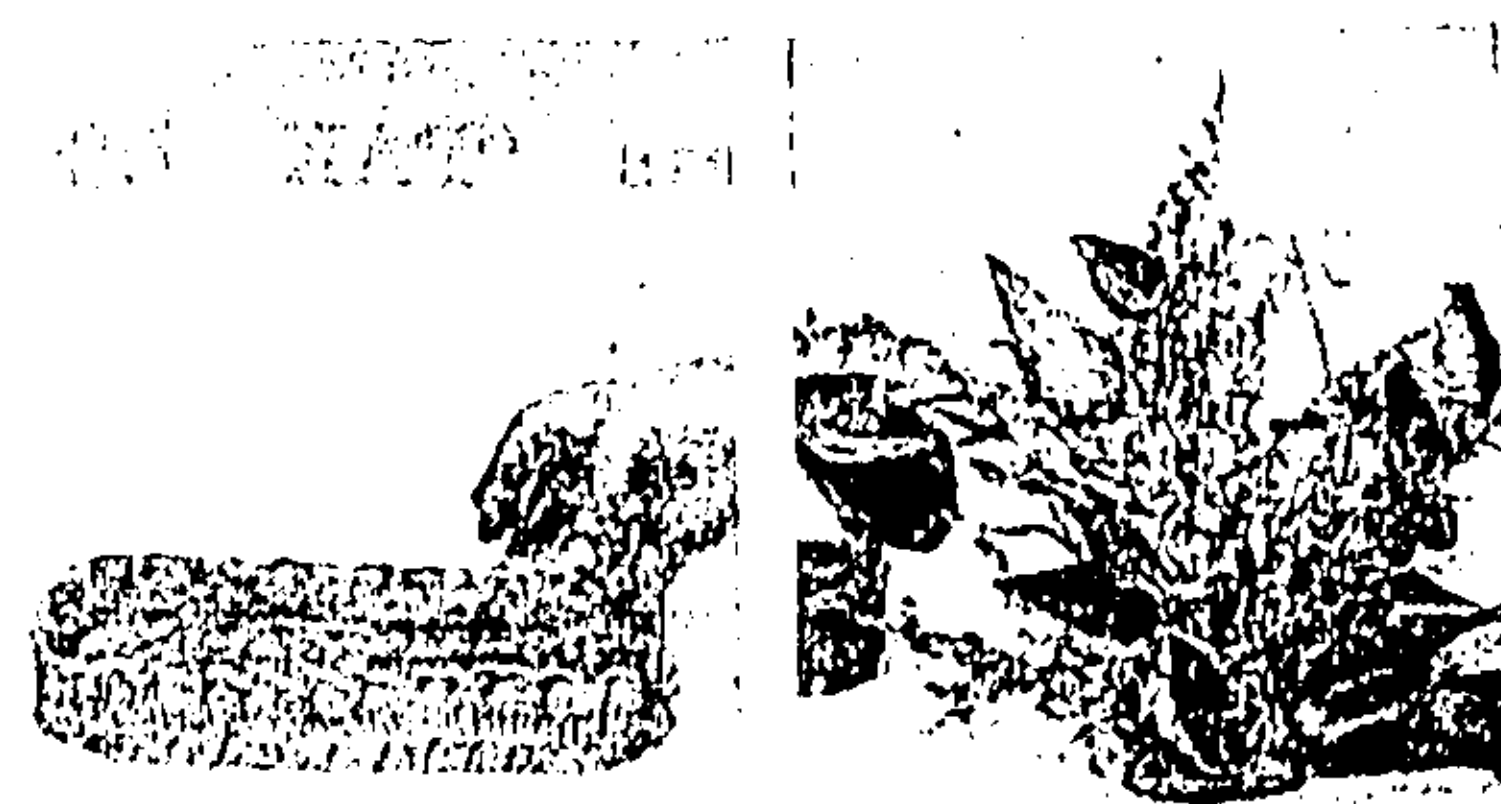
STEP 1—Warm the clay and roll out a flat, thin piece for bottom with an olive bottle for roller. Then roll out thin, narrow strips for sides. Press sides vertically around edge of bottom and join by pressing ends together. Sides should be shaped to correspond to type of bouquet.

STEP 2—Holding the inside with one hand, decorate the outside. The one in the pictures was fluted around the top with thumb and forefinger and the centre row of markings was done with the thumb-nail.

STEP 3—With the piece of clay saved out, shape a "frog" and arrange the bouquet. If stems are brittle, make holes in the clay with a stick the same size.

You can trim the vase with any design you like and make it in almost any shape and it will stay that way. If a tall vase is wanted, use a metal or cardboard box and press the clay on it and make your design. Leave the box in it, of course.

THE LAST STEP is to colour or paint your dried weeds (dry them by hang-



Vase is made of modelling clay. Stem holder keeps flowers up.



Vases with brightly painted flowers make fine gifts.

ing heads down in a dry room). The milkweed pods shown are painted on the outside with stems in silver lacquer and the insides are painted with red enamel. The feathery stuff is attractive artemisia, which is an ornamental shrub and a lovely silvery colour. The pottery bowl is bright green and looks very nice with the red and silver bouquet.

YOU CAN DRY WEEDS in winter and spray them in bright paint with an old atomizer. Lay the weeds against wax paper and when the paint gathers underneath, fold the paper and run it back in the atomizer to do another batch. Goldenrod is very pretty lacquered.

## Fun With Games

### TRAVEL-BUT STAY RIGHT HOME

By IDA M. PARDUE

TRY some of these vacation games.

GOING PLACES: You can get somewhere on each line below if you'll add the right kind of transportation. Check your score with the answers below—but don't peek.

1. —Isbad, New Mexico ark
2. Colum—, Ohio Santa Fe
3. Hart—, Connecticut car
4. —, New Mexico van
5. —adelphia, Arkansas bus
6. Sa—nah, Georgia train
7. —ville, Tenn. Austin
8. —, Texas Ford

ALPHABETICAL TRIP: Play this like a spelling bee. The two teams form two lines, facing each other. One player starts by saying,

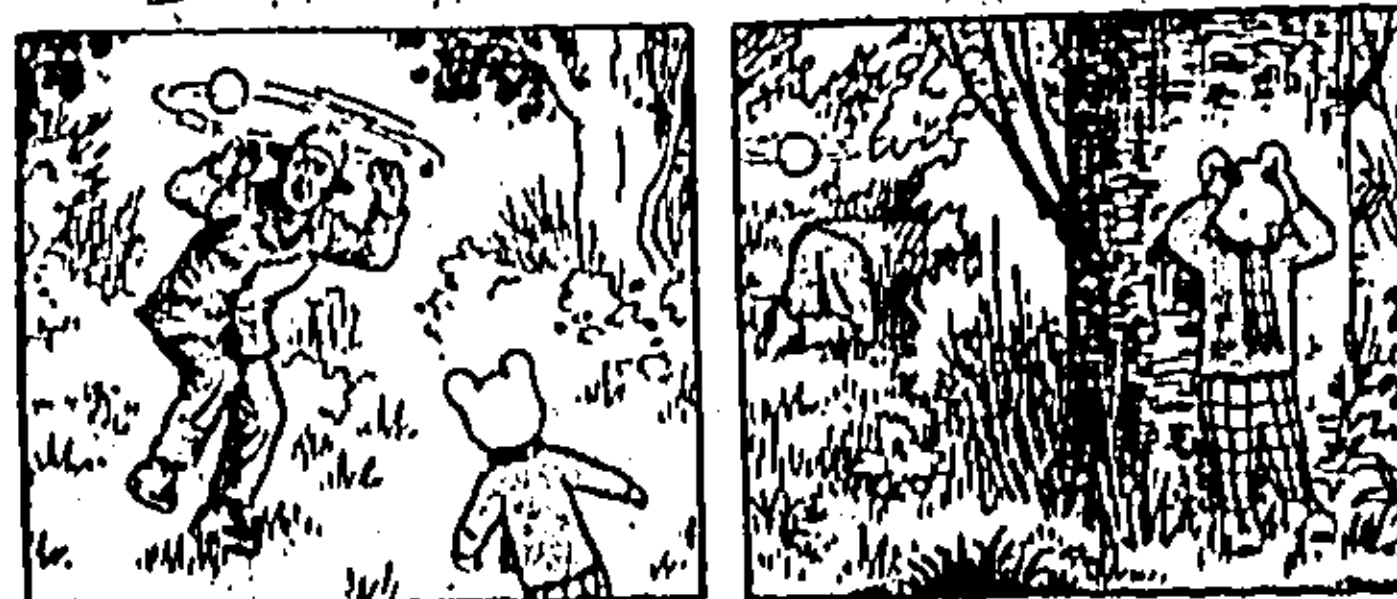
"I'm going to (adding the name of any place starting with the letter A—Alabama, for in-

stance). The player on the opposite team takes the letter B, and so on through the alphabet, alternating teams. A player who cannot give a place-name, or makes a mistake, or repeats, drops out of the game. When all of one team have dropped out, the other team wins.

ROLLING HOME: Players sit on the floor in a circle for this game. In the centre place one square of newspaper. This is "home." One player starts by rolling a ball (from a sitting position) to the paper. The idea is to make the ball "roll home" stop on the paper. Lucky rollers leave the circle. Poor rollers stay seated and the ball travels around the circle to the right, with everyone taking a turn until there is just one player left. This player should pay a forfeit.

GOING PLACES: 1—Carlsbad. 2—Columbus. 3—Hartford. 4—Santa Fe. 5—Arkadelphia. 6—Savannah. 7—Nashville. 8—Austin.

### Rupert and the Magic Ball—31



Rupert approaches the noise cautiously in case the man is still angry with him. The shouting goes on and next minute the stranger appears, looking very frightened. The magic ball is now whizzing round and round his head, and

though he flourishes his arms he cannot hit it. At length in desperation he plunges underneath some bushes in an effort to get away from it. Rupert leans wearily against a tree. "This is mad!" he whispers. "What can I do?"

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### Stamps to commemorate army college

HOWEVER deep France may plunge into the crises of war and peace she never loses one outstanding tradition. And that is her ability to find a man to lead her in her gravest hour.

In World War II it was General de Gaulle. Today it is Premier Mendès-France.



What binds a national tradition such as this? For France one of the answers is the military academy of St. Cyr, which trains infantry, cavalry and artillery cadets. It is, in effect, the equivalent of Britain's Sandhurst.

Today France honours and commemorates her famous army college by issuing this stamp 150 years after its foundation by Napoleon.

The stamp shows a detachment of cadets marching out of the college gate and, as a close-up, the head of the cadet who proudly carries the tricolour flag.

St. Cyr, by the way, is 14 miles north-west of Paris. It was originally a school for the impoverished daughters of nobility founded by King Louis XIV at the instigation of a favourite, Madame de Main-

The stamp is recess-printed in grey colours, perforated 13 and costs 6d. in London.

—J.A.A.

### Animal Traffic Laws

—Pixie O'Cop Has to Enforce Them—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, met their friend Pixie O'Cop.

You might imagine from his name that Pixie O'Cop was a policeman.

As a matter of fact, that's exactly what he was. A Pixie policeman!

Usually Pixie O'Cop's beat was at the marble fountain at the entrance to the park. He stood in the middle of the road directing traffic.

But Knarf and Hanid were quite sure that he wasn't directing automobile traffic. Because they saw that he blew his whistle and waved his arms and shouted: "Git along, there!" even when no automobile was within sight.

After going up and greeting Pixie O'Cop, Knarf asked him how he could be directing traffic when there wasn't any traffic to be directed.

"I beg your pardon," said Pixie O'Cop, as he twirled his whistle over his head. "There's plenty of traffic."

"Why, I don't see any automobiles at all," said Hanid.

"Automobiles?" said Pixie O'Cop, in an irritated voice. "Who said anything about automobiles? I'm directing bird-traffic. Hey, there, you pigeons, git along, there!" he shouted suddenly.

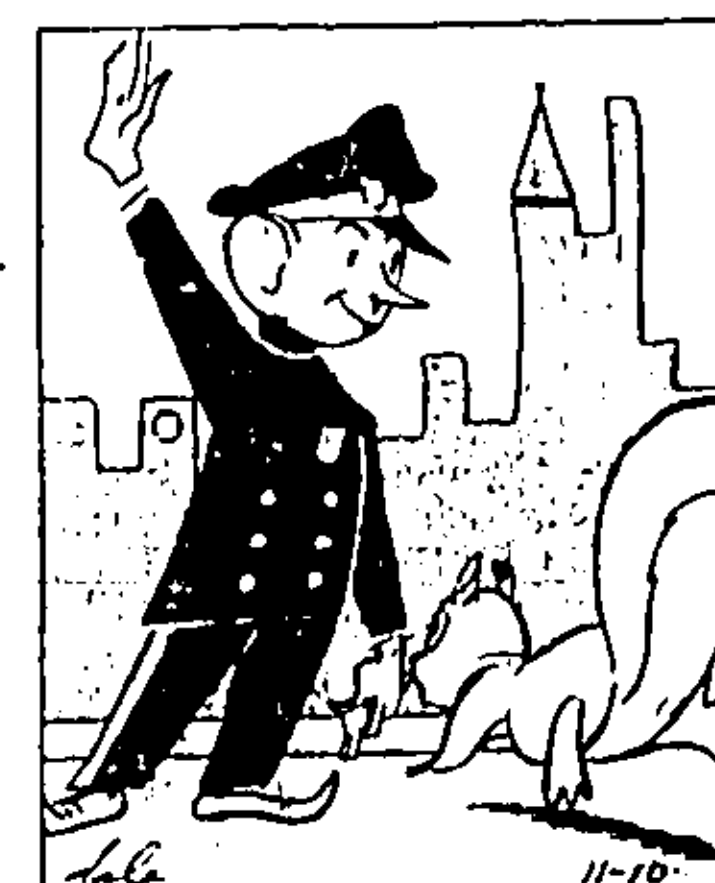
Then he blew his whistle shrilly at three or four pigeons who had just then alighted in the middle of the road and started to look around for crumbs.

#### O'Cop Bawls His Orders

"I said, git out of that road!" Pixie O'Cop shouted again in a very harsh voice.

He started striding toward the pigeons.

When they saw him coming, the pigeons uttered frightened squeaks and squawks and slipped hurriedly away.



A pixie gendarme stops traffic so a squirrel can cross.

A moment later, an automobile rode right across the spot where they had been standing.

"See what I mean?" Pixie O'Cop said to Knarf and Hanid. "Those pigeons might have got themselves run over. You have to keep your eyes open every minute when you're on the road."

No sooner had the automobile passed than a sparrow alighted on the edge of the fountain. It started to splash around.

"Git away!" roared Pixie O'Cop. "You can't take a bath in that fountain!"

He waved the sparrow away. "The nerve of that sparrow trying to take a bath right here in the park!" said Pixie O'Cop, after the sparrow had flown off.

"Where can the sparrow take a bath?" Knarf asked.

#### A Tiring Post

"There's a bird bath on the other side of the park," said Pixie O'Cop. "It knows it's there as well as I do. It's just too lazy to go there."

Knarf and Hanid stood with Pixie O'Cop for most of the afternoon. He did more than just direct bird-traffic. He also directed squirrel-traffic, dog-traffic, caterpillar-traffic, grass-hopper-traffic and cricket-traffic.

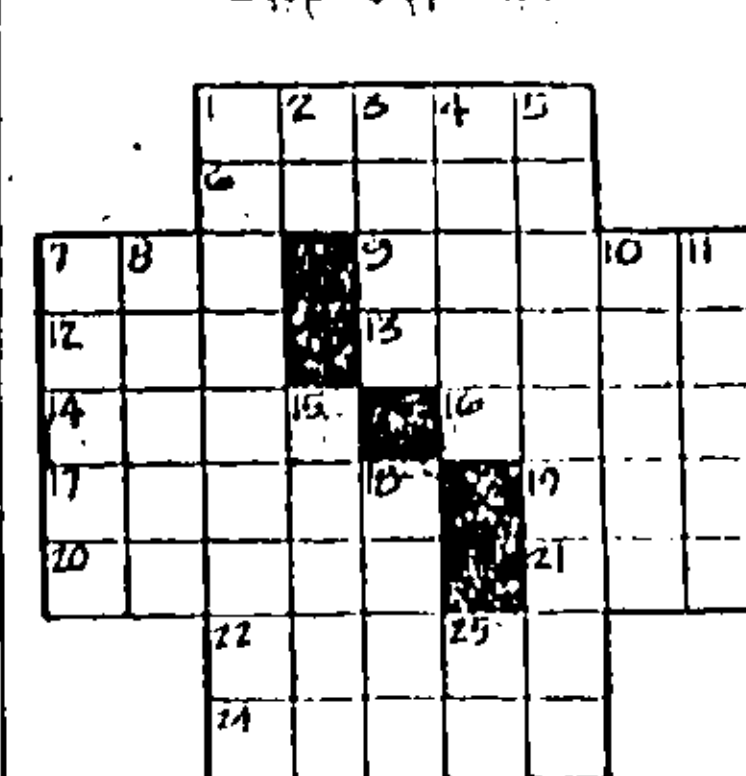
"Gee, me good and tired when I go home at night," he said to Knarf and Hanid. "Hey, there, you! Stop making yourself comfortable against that fence."

Pixie O'Cop was shouting at a spider who was starting to spin a web between the fence and the twig of a bush.

"You have to keep your eyes open every minute of the day," Pixie O'Cop sighed. Then he blew his whistle just to make the spider move away a little further.

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

## CROSSWORD



- 1 Mortify
- 2 Man from Havane
- 3 Light touch
- 4 Abstract beings
- 5 Blackbird of cuckoo family
- 6 Gull-like birds
- 7 Exist
- 8 Rodent's
- 9 Puff up
- 10 Born
- 11 Cover with pitch again
- 12 Credits (ab.)
- 13 Lyric poetry
- 14 Writing tables

## DOWN

- 1 Made active
- 2 Bushel (ab.)
- 3 Encourage
- 4 More rational
- 5 Doors
- 6 Having less colour
- 7 Infirm
- 8 Dury
- 9 Onagers
- 10 Russian storehouse
- 11 God of love
- 12 Dock (ab.)

## WORD CHAIN

Change LOVED to HATED in four moves, altering one letter at a time and having a good word each time.

## WORD SQUARE

After rearranging the letters in each row to form a good word, change the rows around so they will read the same down as across:

O	P	S	G	T
I	U	L	P	T
O	O	L	L	R
A	O	U	B	T
A	C	R	S	T

## ANAGRAMS

Rearrange the letters in the first half of three anagrams to form the word given by the definition in the second half. RASH LED BAD—Nonsense CUBS ON MILE—Flowers AT LONG ACT RUE—Offer good wishes TIMES CREPT—Hinders

## TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has made this a potent CAPABLE triangle. The second word is "amphitheatre"; third "minor coin"; fourth "a girl's name"; fifth "a body of water"; and sixth an abbreviation for "Lone Scout". Complete the triangle:

CAPABLE  
A  
P  
A  
B  
L  
E

(Solutions on Page 20)

## A Word Game

Many words begin with A and end with E. Some are short (ACE), others are of medium length (ABSENCE) or long (ACKNOWLEDGE).

Here are meanings of 24 such words. You are to figure out the letters in between. Try to guess them all, but 18 would be a good average.

As a second part of the game, write 10 to 15 other A to E words of your own. Include proper names in your list. Perhaps you may know a girl named Arac.

1. Consumed food.
2. Measure of land.
3. Car.
4. She lived in Wonderland.
5. Wide Street.
6. Spring woodland flower.
7. Overhead.
8. On fire.
9. Your home.
10. How old you are.
11. Hard coal.
12. Not different.
13. Southwestern city of the U.S. containing two Q's.
14. To get up in the morning.
15. Very common fruit usually red.
16. Deer-like animal.
17. Connects foot and leg.
18. To beg some one's pardon.
19. Southwest Indian tribe.
20. Truce in war.
21. To get there.
22. A way to say "Yes" when voting.
23. Famous Greek philosopher.
24. To entertain.

(Answers on Page 20)

### Save time flying

### to spend time Seeing

## AUSTRALIA

### —Land of variety

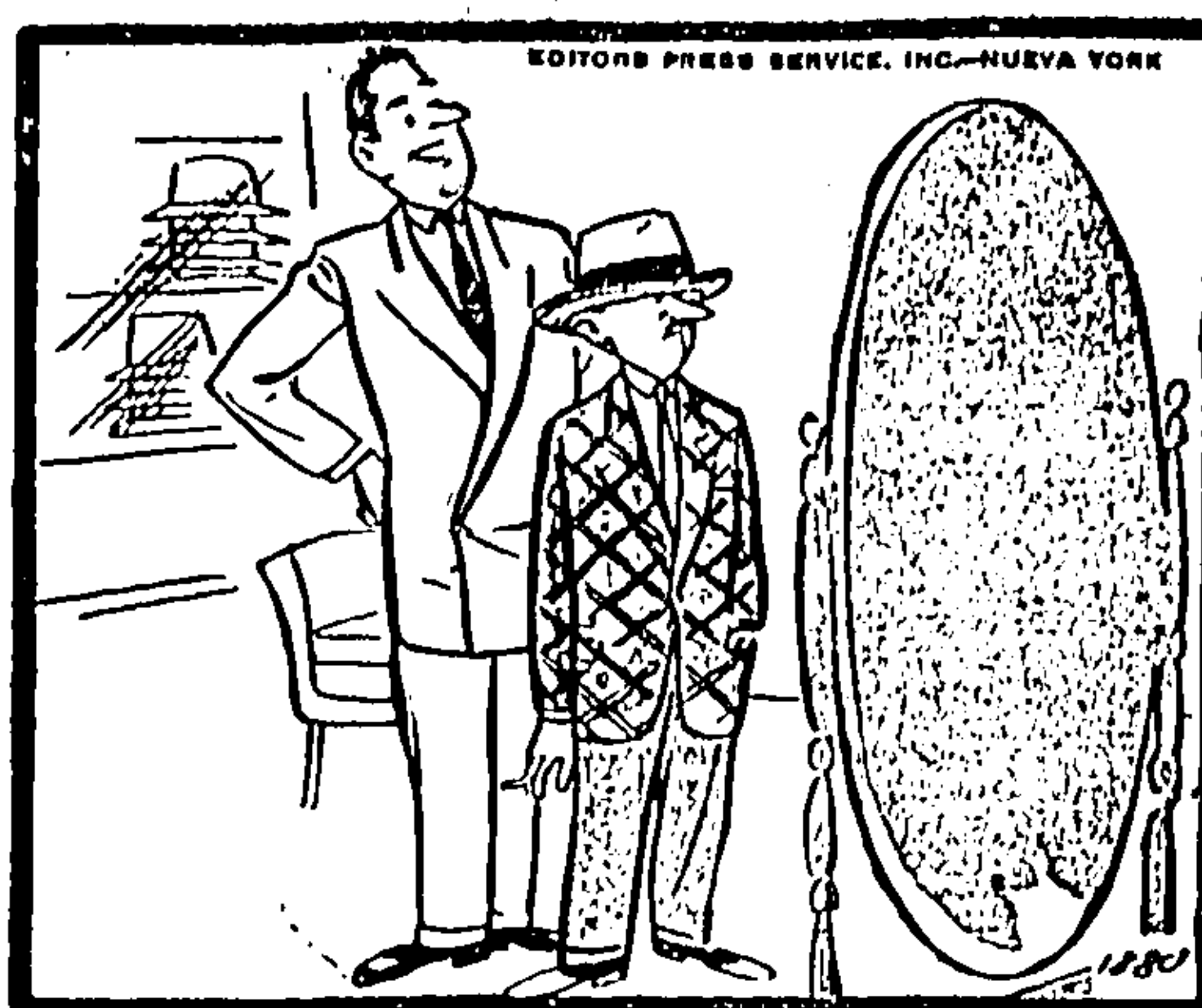
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"From back here it looks quite jaunty."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

BORN today, you are one of the original thinkers of the world. You are not content with the facts of life, but you want to know how to present them. You are a natural leader, and you will lead people to follow you. You are a natural leader, and you will lead people to follow you. You are a natural leader, and you will lead people to follow you.

You have the ability to speak in public and would make a fine public speaker. You are a natural leader, and you will lead people to follow you. You are a natural leader, and you will lead people to follow you. You are a natural leader, and you will lead people to follow you.

You women are a particularly attractive to members of the opposite sex and will probably have more than one opportunity to wed. You will make a fine marriage partner and parent.

Among those born on this date are: John D. Rockefeller, Jr., financier and philanthropist; Jeffrey Archer, educator; Bonin Holland, author; Thomas Paine, Revolutionary hero; Emanuel Swedenborg, reformer; and Owen Davis, dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)**—Follow through with the plans you had made for today. Nothing should stand in your way now.

**PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)**—Perhaps you would like to spend the day with your family. Have a good time.

**ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)**—A fine day for the children to get out and play.

**TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)**—A friend of yours may be planning on a wedding and it could be up to you to render some real assistance.

**GEMINI (May 22-June 21)**—If a little in doubt over a decision, why not seek spiritual advice at the church of your choice?

**CANCER (June 22-July 23)**—Church and neighborhood affairs may call for your cooperation. Offer your assistance even if not directly asked.

BORN today, you have an inquiring mind. You must know what makes the wheels go round. As a child you will probably be one of those who is "into everything" and the constant desire of parents. However, those who have children born under today's sign, should encourage this characteristic, for it means a quick, investigative mind which, if trained early in youth will bring great rewards later on in life.

The stars have given you an exceptionally intuitive mind, one which might more properly be called psychic. You are often able to "sense" things that may occur in the future and you have the type of magnetic personality which influences people easily. Be careful how you utilize this talent, for with the gift of the power goes a solemn obligation to use it for the ultimate good of all.

You are not an emotionally impulsive person although you have a great deal of personal charm. You are loving and devoted to members of your own family and they can do no wrong. You are rather slow to make close attachments outside of the family circle although you have a general attitude of friendliness toward all with whom you come in contact.

Among those born on this date are: Walter Damrosch, musician and conductor; Franklin D. Roosevelt, U.S. president; Walter Savage Landor, explorer; Thomas Mann, metaphysician; John Fairfield, Maine statesman; and Joseph Justow, psychologist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)**—Gird up your strength to get out of town for a week's vacation. You may need plenty to cope with a problem.

**PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)**—If working near machinery, be on your guard against carelessness to avoid an accident.

**ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)**—Even if crossed, stay calm and, whatever you do, don't get into a useless argument!

**TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)**—If you have a chance to get out of town for a week's vacation, do it, by all means. A change is good.

**GEMINI (May 22-June 21)**—If you have earned it, there may be a promotion in store for you at your place of work.

**CANCER (June 22-July 23)**—If you have been too extravagant lately, now is the time to readjust your budget.

**LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)**—If someone you know has done a good job, don't hesitate to say so. A word of praise is always welcome.

**VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)**—Get an early start at the office, for there is a lot to do this week. Early bird usually wins out.

**LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)**—Experience may prove a little irritating, but live and learn—to do better, next time. You can.

**SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)**—If starting a new job today, put your best foot forward and show the boss how well you can do it.

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)**—Bring cheer to others by being optimistic and happy yourself. A good example may be needed.

**CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)**—Check assets and liabilities as the month ends, and see if you need to change your schedule somewhat.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Deception Can Win Many Games

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN today's hand was played in a recent team match, a single play made a tremendous difference in the results at the two tables. There is never any guarantee that a deceptive play will work, but in this case it cost nothing to try it.

At the first table, West opened the five of hearts, and South won with the king. South led a diamond, West played low, and dummy won with the queen. East followed suit with the six of diamonds, and South had a bit of thinking.

South didn't see how he could conveniently get his hand for another diamond lead, so he decided to lead the suit from the dummy. The ace of diamonds and ten were in dummy, and the only chance to make it was to one trick with the lead of a diamond.

South led the diamond, and East followed suit with the six of diamonds, and South had a bit of thinking. South didn't see how he could conveniently get his hand for another diamond lead, so he decided to lead the suit from the dummy.

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## BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

I CANNOT help feeling (politely, behind my hand) at the story of the fox which broke all the hunting rules by deliberately leading hounds to destruction. Some fell over a precipice, others were trapped underground.

It is understandable that an animal, which is supposed to be a master of the hunt, should break all the hunting rules by deliberately leading hounds to destruction. Some fell over a precipice, others were trapped underground.

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## Popular Records:

## JUDY GARLAND ALBUMS

SONGS that Judy Garland made popular on her way up have been recorded by MGM from the sound tracks of her film musicals and made available in LP and EP albums.

The collection is named just "Judy Garland," and features numbers from "In the Good Old Summertime," "Till the Clouds Roll By," "The Pirate," "Summer Stock" and "Words and Music."

MGM also has taken the music of Sigmund Romberg from the sound track of "Deep in My Heart" and made an excellent album. It features the voices of Rosemary Clooney, Helen Traubel, Howard Keel, Tony Martin, Vic Damone, June Powell and others.

Miss Traubel's "Shut Out Heart" and "I Grow Too Old to Dream" are particularly outstanding in this tribute to the memory of Romberg.

Another excellent album of movie music is RCA-Victor's "Carmen Jones," the septa take-off on Bizet's opera. The voices are those of LeVern Hornsby, Marilyn Hagney and Dixie Peters.

Best Mambo Package "Mambo at the Moonbeams," eight torrid Latin numbers by Chuy Reyes and his Orchestra (Capitol).

For Jazz fans, Label "X" encouraged by the success of its Jelly Roll Morton album, has issued "Vol. 2" of music by Morton and his Red Hot Peppers taken from masters never used before. Really good jazz fans, especially will like Morton's two versions of "Wolverine Blues."

For Children Only (and adults, too): Good old Frank Sinatra, who is in a class all by himself, has recorded five little gems for children. One is about

## WM HICKEY

(Continued from Page 8)

We were looking at Titania and Bottom in an enchanted wood.

Titania was an enamoured fairy queen as she said with longing in her voice:—

"So is mine eye entrall'd to the shape."

And the fair virtue's force perforce doth move me.

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee."

Bottom's ass head turned pathetically round. His ears flapped. His peasant's voice was slow and heavy.

The children streamed out of the theatre, with who knows what scendish ideas about their mother's store of make-up.

But, I am sure, more in love with the theatre—thanks to the British Drama League—than ever before.

Lucky children! I thought as I wandered down the Charing Cross Road.

## DART WORDS

THE first word this week is TEAM, and if you survive the number word game, you will have a word to use in the second word game. The first word is TEAM, and if you survive the number word game, you will have a word to use in the second word game.

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FAST PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

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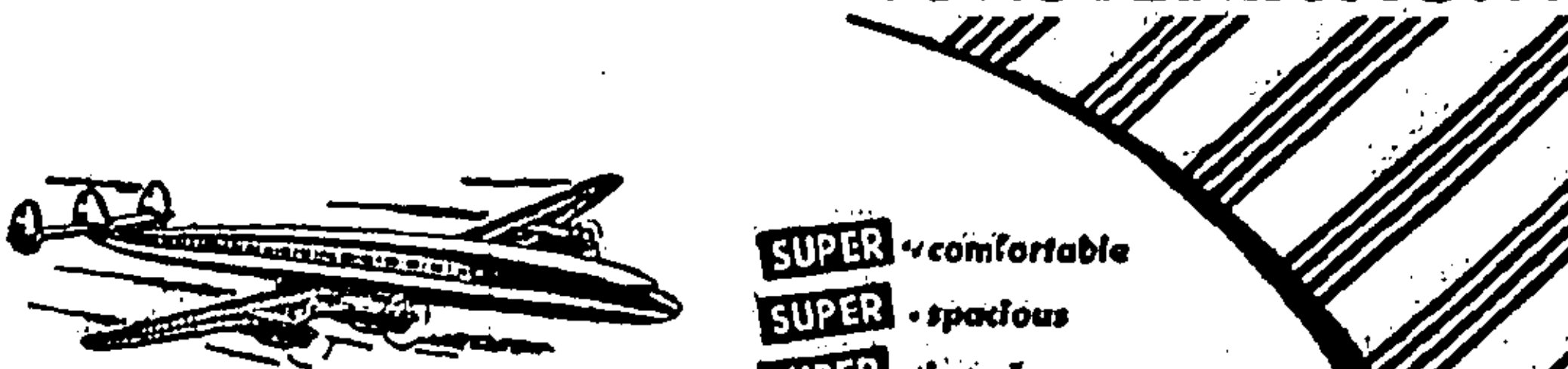
"VIETNAM" sailing Mar. 26th

FAST FREIGHT SERVICE

"DONAI" sailing Feb. 21st

"ANADYR" sailing Mar. 18th

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